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IS STANLEY DEAD?

THE dark continent, which Mr. Stanley has done so much to make us acquainted with, hides him from us at present in her innermost recesses.* Speculation is rife not only as to his whereabouts, but even as to his being alive. Mystery always enshrouds the doings and fate of him who ventures beyond those gloomy barriers of forest, mountain, swamp and river, which screen Central Africa from even the faint and reflected gleams of civilization. This is now the case with the great traveler whose name has long been synonymous with successful daring, perseverance, determination, indomitable pluck and marvelous powers of endurance. Having had the advantage of being able to study his character during one of our little wars, where I watched him when exposed to danger and to musketry fire that made some around him, may I say somewhat unsteady, I feel convinced that he has reached Emin Pasha. Of course, he may have succumbed to disease, or been killed by some chance shot on his march to Wadelai. Although he was almost

*Gen. Viscount Wolseley mailed a contribution to this symposium on the 12th of November; but as it failed to reach New York in time for the printer, his lordship, on the 21st instant, sent by cable the subjoined brief synopsis of his delayed contribution.—EDITOR NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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proof against African fevers, this possibility cannot be eliminated from our calculation. The strongest and most seasoned often fall a prey to fever at last. He was such a master of tribal African warfare that I am sure he would never fall into any trap laid for him or his party. It is possible that his handful of fighting men may have been trampled to death by sheer force of numbers, but I am certain he was not surprised by any enemy, no matter how adroit. Let us examine the facts and reasons upon which I base my belief that Stanley is alive: In the first place, we have had no news of his death, and, according to our most recent information, he was alive and pushing forward towards his goal. In the case of every desperate enterprise I estimate its chances of success not so much by any exhaustive study of the difficulties to be surmounted, the dangers and foes to be conquered, as by my knowledge of the leader's qualities in the enterprise in question. The strong point upon which I rely in forming the opinion I have come to, is my personal knowledge of Mr. Stanley's fitness to conduct the expedition he undertook. I pin my faith upon the man, and, thinking of him, I forget the dangers and the difficulties which have beset him on all sides. Why dwell upon the obstacles to be overcome in the four hundred miles of trackless country lying between Yambuya, his starting place on the Aruwimi River, and Emin's headquarters at Wadelai, on the Bahr el Jebel. Stanley felt he could master those obstacles, and I believe he has done so. This is convincing to me because I know him, but to those who have not that privilege the following dates will, I think, go far to at least convince them that the time for despair has not yet come. Stanley started on the 28th June, 1887, from his camp at Yambuya, leaving Major Barttelot there to collect carriers and follow him when he had done so. Stanley's party numbered in all about four hundred souls. The last news we had from himself was only up to the 19th July, 1887, when he was well, and had made eighteen marches from his starting point. Some deserters from his party subsequently reached Barttelot's camp the following November. They had left Stanley when they said he was only about forty marches from Yambuya. He had had some fighting, and had entered a hilly wooded country, cut up with rivers and marshes, and where no food was to be had. Following upon these reports came the vague rumor of the arrival of a white pasha in the Bahr el Gazelle province. There can be

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little doubt, I think, that Stanley was that pasha. His advance would take him near the southern frontier of that province, from whence the news of his having reached either Sanga or Tangasi would quickly spread northwards through Darfur and Kordofan, from one market place to another, until it had reached the bazaars of Khartoum. There the Mahdi's followers would probably regard it as news of a British expedition, undertaken to avenge General Gordon's death. This rumor would soon spread down the Nile to our outposts in the great Nubian desert, and so reach the enterprising correspondent of Cairo. A careful investigation of the date when Stanley most probably reached the places on the edge of the Bahr el Gazelle, which I have named, and of the time which that news would take in reaching our advanced post of Wady Halfa, tends to strengthen the assumption that Stanley and the White Pasha are one and the same person. Last June intelligence reached us, which, if true, would have given cause for grave anxiety. It came from Leopoldville, at Stanley Pool, and was to the effect that our great traveler had been wounded, and was in great danger. We received, however, at the same time letters from Major Barttelot informing us that none of those about him put any faith in the report. The latest news we have heard of him came from Zanzibar on the 1st instant, and I think there is a fair semblance of truth about it. It professes to tell us of Stanley's doings to this time. Last year his force was said to be much reduced by desertion, disease and losses in action. He had traversed a most difficult country, through which progress had been extremely slow, and where he had had to fight for food. He had been seriously ill and had recovered, but one of his white companions had died. If this report be true, as I think, we have every reason to believe he should have reached Wadelai before the first day of this year. Now, for what we know of Emin Pasha, the latest real news we have from him was dated Kilbiro, on the Albert Lake, 2d November, 1887. Up to that time he had had no news of Stanley. In June last a report came from the Victoria Nyanza that some men who had been taken prisoners a few months before by the Uganda in their war with the Unyoro had escaped, and brought news of Emin up to April, 1888. A careful scrutiny of the dates will show this to be an impossible story. These men had been prisoners with the

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Uganda for some months before their escape, and had left the mission station at the southern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza last April. Their news, in fact, must date back to about the beginning of this year, when they could not have been in touch with Emin, as most recent letters from the Uganda missionaries inform us that Kabrema, the chief of the Unyoro, has been at war with Mwanga since May last, that he had put to death Captain Casati and Mahommed Biri, the emissaries of Emin. As far as one can gather from all we have learned from Zanzibar, the country between it and Emin Pasha's headquarters has been so disturbed by this war that no news or messengers have been allowed to pass through the line of contending tribes. It is not only that we have no news of Stanley since last November, but neither have we had any from Emin. To me it is quite evident that we shall hear of both at the same time, and I believe it will be to the effect that Stanley reached Emin about the end of last year. Upon reaching Wadelai it is certain that Stanley would give his men a rest of some six or eight weeks, during which he and Emin would have time to decide upon a plan of further operations. It is possible that they might wait some weeks longer for poor Major Barttelot, the news of whose murder is not likely to reach them direct. Emin tells us in his last letter that it was not his intention when relieved by Stanley to quit the provinces over which he has now ruled so long. I have always imagined that Stanley left England with some faint hope of being able to return by the Soudan, and in doing so give the deathblow to the Mahdi's rule. If such an operation were possible with the small means at his and Emin's disposal, he would be just the man of all others to carry it out. Up to the present, however, there is no sign that the dervish power has been so weakened as to make this attempt possible. The two friends will have great difficulty in even getting safely to the sea on the east coast; to get there they must either make a treaty with Kabrega or fight a way through the dominions of that powerful chief. Under either contingency, when due allowance is made for the difficulty of supplies, the uncertainties of African traveling, the delays inseparable from all negotiations with African potentates, I do not believe Mr. Stanley could have begun what I may call his return journey until about May last. In my opinion, it is most probable that he will himself be the bearer of the news that he has fulfilled his mission and relieved

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Emin Pasha. At any rate, knowing the fibre of which Mr. Stanley is made, I shall not be seriously anxious about him until news from Emin up to February last tells us that he could give us no intelligence of the daring traveler who had left England determined to rescue him or die in the attempt.

WOLSELEY.

STANLEY started with his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey from Yambuya on the Congo on the 23d of June, 1887. His objective point was Wadelai, on Lake Mwutan Nzige (Albert Nyanza), where Emin Bey was when last heard from. The distance from Yambuya, Stanley's starting point, to Wadelai, in a straight line, is about five hundred and sixty miles; but when the nature of African exploration is considered, through a region as yet unknown; the devious course that may be necessary from the natural features of the country; the many windings and turnings that may be required, and other difficulties in the onward movement of so large a body as Stanley commands, especially in the time of the rains, the journey may involve a distance of at least 750 miles. This would require four months, moving at the rate of six miles a day, which was the average rate in Stanley's march in 1876 from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza, and that time is now quadrupled without anything being heard from him, except a message three days after his departure that all was well. The elapsing of such a length of time, however, without hearing from him, is not, in itself, a cause for apprehension. Sir Samuel Baker was not heard from for a much longer time, and Emin Bey, for whose deliverance this expedition has been undertaken, was shut up in Wadelai in 1883, and not heard from until 1886, when his companion, Dr. Junker, escaped to the coast.

But Sir Samuel Baker had but a few guides and boatmen, and exploring Africa with so small a force is a very different thing from the movement of so large a body as the one conducted by Stanley. The Emin Bey Association, by whom it was sent out, subscribed £10,000, and the Egyptian government added an equal amount. With this large means an expedition of nine hundred men was organized, consisting of soldiers, couriers and servants, and the serious question that arises is the obtaining of provisions for the maintenance of so large a force, and the possible failure

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of ammunition, if the column is exposed, as it possibly may be, to frequent hostile attacks. The country to be traversed extends north of the equator to about three degrees north latitude, and is between twenty-five degrees and thirty-three degrees east longitude. It is inhabited chiefly by a people known as the Mombuttos, a fierce race, who have hitherto resisted all previous efforts, on the part of the whites, to enter their country, and who doubtless have all the craft and cunning that warlike savages, of such a nature, generally possess. There is also, over all this part of Africa, a hatred, which the Arabs have created, against the whites, for the active efforts they have made to suppress the slave trade of the interior, the present curse of Africa.

When all these things are considered, it is impossible not to feel apprehension in respect to Stanley's safety. It is also to be considered, however, that he chose this route, through the Mombutto country to the Albert Nyanza, after great deliberation. He first contemplated taking the route from Zanzibar, and having afterwards selected the Mombutto route, he must have done so with a full conception of the difficulties he might meet, and what would be necessary to overcome them; for he is as well informed upon that subject, if not better, than any one else; having himself encountered the Mombutto in his exploration of the Congo to its mouth. While not without his defects, he is especially well qualified to conduct such an expedition, alike from his peculiar nature and the great experience he has had. He has displayed in his former explorations, and especially in his exploration of the Congo, remarkable geographical insight. I mean by that the quality for which the Duke of Wellington was celebrated; the ability to foresee from the nature of the country he has passed through, what the nature of the country will be that he is about to enter, and is not likely to be entrapped by unforeseen difficulties, or caught in an ambuscade.

I have not believed any of the reports of his death, etc., as I was not satisfied with the sources from which they emanated, and I do not put any reliance upon the recent report, in the newspapers, that the President of a Geographical Society at Lisle, in France, has received information of the massacre of Stanley and all his command, except two, who escaped. It is not impossible, but highly improbable, that such an important piece of intelligence should be first made known to a gentleman in an

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interior town in the north of France. Over every part of the African coast that is in communication with the interior where Stanley is the greatest interest is felt respecting him and the expedition, and if a piece of intelligence so important as this should reach any part of the coast, it would quickly be brought to the nearest point of telegraphic communication and transmitted either to the Emin Bey Association in London, or to London, Brussels or Berlin, these cities being central points, where the latest intelligence from this part of Africa is generally received. The means of communication, moreover, between the coast and the interior is much greater now than it was a few years ago, so that if such an event had occurred as the massacre of Stanley and his whole command, the intelligence would not be long in reaching the coast.

Many things occur to me that would account for the delay in hearing from the expedition, but I think it unnecessary to go into such speculation. There is certainly ground for apprehension, but I have great confidence in Stanley's ability and in his thorough acquaintance with what he has undertaken, and shall place no reliance upon any report of disaster, or of his death, that is not thoroughly authenticated.

Since writing the above I have been asked my opinion of the telegram received recently from Zanzibar, respecting Stanley's expedition, brought by two couriers from Tabora to Zanzibar. It is to the effect that Arabs trading between Lake Mwutan Nzige and Tabora, which in a short line is about five hundred and fifty miles west of Zanzibar, met the rear guard of the expedition, consisting of thirty men, natives of Zanzibar, west of the lake and southeast of Sanga, which is in the Akka country about two hundred and twenty miles west of Wadelai, in November, 1887, Stanley then being two days ahead.

The information is that this rear guard had been then on the march for five days, after halting for three weeks in consequence of the illness of Stanley, who was then well. That the expedition had suffered a great deal in getting through a thick forest, where they could march only *a mile and a quarter* a day, that in their progress they had suffered greatly in the marshes, while many had died or disappeared ; that forty were drowned in crossing a great river, running from east to west ; that one white man

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had died; that the expedition had frequently halted, expecting reinforcements from the Congo, and had been obliged to fight some tribes that refused to supply it with provisions; that these Arabs were told that Stanley had decided to march no longer in a northeasterly direction, but would go to the north, expecting thereby to avoid the swamps, and, after getting at a certain distance, that he would take an oblique line to the east, and go direct to Wadelai, where it was thought he would arrive in fifty days, or about the middle of January, 1888; that the Arab traders estimated the strength of the expedition, after all losses, at two hundred and fifty men, and that, in their opinion, it was strong enough to reach Wadelai.

I should require something more respecting the sources of this information than is contained in this telegram before giving it entire credence. It may be true, but it appears to me to contain too many exact details, which is not a characteristic of information transmitted in the way it has to be in Africa from the interior to the coast, unless it is transmitted in writing, which may have been the case, but is not so stated in the telegram. It is so particular and so in accordance with the recent views of geographers of Stanley's supposed difficulties, of a probable change in his route, and what that would be, that I hesitate to accept it without more information than is contained in the telegram. Previous accounts, purporting to be intelligence from the expedition, have been brought by messengers to Zanzibar during the past year, to the effect that Stanley was hemmed in by hostile tribes, together with rumors that he had several conflicts, with a large loss of men and of provisions, and had changed his course and gone in an unknown direction; so that anything purporting to be news from the expedition that is now received has to be carefully weighed and considered.

CHAS. P. DALY.

IN considering the question of the present condition of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, it will be necessary to keep in mind the following facts: Mr. Stanley left his camp on the Aruwimi June 28, 1887, with a force of over four hundred picked men, intending to go due east to Lake Albert Nyanza, a distance of about five hundred miles, the greater part of which

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was absolutely unknown territory. He expected to march at least twelve miles a day, and, accordingly, to join Emin in August, and to be back on the Aruwimi in November.

In a dispatch dated August 15, Major Barttelot says: "A lagger on the march came in on August 12 and reported he had left Mr. Stanley at a river flowing north into the Aruwimi, eighteen days' march out from here. He reported all as well." From Mr. Stanley himself, however, there has come neither messenger nor communication of any kind since he left camp Yambunga.

Emin, meanwhile, having been apprised of Stanley's plans went up to the lake in October, and sent out a reconnoitering party to look for him, which returned without news. Emin's letter, dated November 2, stating this, is the last direct communication with this gallant officer. Last June news came that deserters from the expedition were said to have been picked up in April, who reported it to be in a very rough and mountainous region, coversed with dense forest, and inhabited by tribes made fiercely hostile by the false statements of the Arabs as to the object of the expedition; that a third part of the men had been lost, and that Stanley himself was wounded, but was still pressing on. Simultaneously with these rumors came the news that pilgrims at Suakin from the interior of the Sudan reported having seen an armed force in the province of Bahr-el-Gasal, to the northeast of Stanley's intended route, under the command of a "white pasha." About the same time messengers from Khartum reached Cairo, stating that the Mahdi had despatched in March a large force up the Nile to repel the unknown invader, and capture Emin. Since then reports have been received of the defeat of this force, and, very recently, additional rumors of the continued advance of the "white pasha."

These being the facts, what conclusions can we draw from them in regard to the fate of the expedition? At the outset I think it can be said without hesitation that the mere fact that nothing certain has been heard of Stanley for more than a year is no proof that he is dead or has even met with serious disaster. Sir Samuel Baker, with a much larger force, was for two years and five months entirely without communication, even with Khartum, though he was on a navigable river with steamers. It should be remembered that if Stanley, as is probable, has passed through a hostile coun-

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try, it would be impossible for him to send back messengers to the Congo, while the only other avenues of communication with Europe to the north by the Nile or the east by Uganda and Zanzibar are absolutely closed.

With equal confidence it can be asserted that the expedition has not been destroyed, up to within at least four months, by the natives. It is wellnigh inconceivable that so large and well-appointed a force should have been annihilated without the knowledge of the Arabs of the Upper Congo basin. Although the tidings of Stanley's death or failure would be welcome to them, Major Barttelot reports them as believing Stanley to be alive.

The same conclusion can be drawn, though less confidently, in regard to disaster from natural causes. There are three grave dangers to which the expedition was exposed, each of which would cause an indefinite delay of its progress. It might have to pass through a sterile and uninhabited country of unknown extent. In this case not only would exploring parties have to be sent out, but supplies sufficient for a long march would have to be collected, tasks which might well consume months of time. If his carriers deserted him, Stanley's progress would for the time be absolutely stopped. From this cause Baker was "for three months starving in one spot."

It is certain that the expedition, in order to reach Emin, would have to pass through a district which is converted into a swamp during the rainy season, which, it should be noted, set in shortly after its departure from the Congo. From Emin's own experience we can learn the difficulty of overcoming this obstacle. For days he marched through a region where "the water between each single thicket reached up to our necks, and the roots caught our feet like nooses."

The "sudd," however, is the gravest danger to which Mr. Stanley will be exposed if he has been obliged to turn to the northeastward from his intended route, as most authorities appear to regard as nearly certain. This is the name given to the vast floating masses of vegetation which at times form almost impassable dams, especially in the rivers of the province of Bahr-el-Gasal. So compact is their mass, says a European officer in the Sudan, who made a study of them, that they at times destroy all river life, containing not merely innumerable dead fishes, but "even the bodies of crocodiles and hippopotami who have per-

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ished there." Sir Samuel Baker encountered these sudds several times. On one occasion he says: "We have been hard at work for thirteen days with a thousand men, during which time we have traveled only twelve miles." At another time six of his vessels were destroyed by the sudden breaking up of the sudd. In October, 1880, Gessi Pasha, one of Gordon's lieutenants and governor of this province, with a force of about five hundred men, on a steamer and four boats, was imprisoned by the sudd over three months. When he was rescued—for he was unable to extricate himself—four hundred of his people had perished of starvation, and he himself died soon after from the terrible sufferings to which he had been subjected, from anxiety, the want of food, the heat, and the pestilential atmosphere. Stanley, however, was thoroughly aware of this danger, and we can confidently assume that he would take every precaution against meeting a similar fate.

If the expedition still exists, as all persons without exception, so far as my knowledge goes, well-informed about Africa, believe to be the case, and is not absolutely at a standstill, it is now in one of two regions. Stanley has either stuck to his original plan, has reached the lake and has been joined by Emin. The latter may have been obliged to retreat to the southward by the Mahdi's force, and in that case the two would probably go to Msalala, about 500 miles distant to the south of Lake Victoria Nyanza, where a supply camp has been formed for Mr. Stanley. This probability is the stronger from the fact that Stanley's unexpected delay may have led to the exhaustion of the supplies which he was carrying to Emin.

The other alternative is, however, the one which I am most inclined to hold. The weight of evidence seems to point to the fact that the expedition did turn to the northeast into the province of Bahr-el-Gasal; that it has successfully overcome all obstacles to its progress, and has defeated the Mahdi's army, possibly in conjunction with Emin, who was reported to have gone down the Nile to anticipate the attack about to be made upon him. This he would hardly have done unless Stanley had joined him or he had learned of his presence in the country to the north of his province. That is, I believe Stanley to be the "White Pasha."

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

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On the 18th of June, it was a year since Stanley had left his camp on the Aruvimi, and since that day he has not been heard of. His presumptuous hope of reaching Wadelai at the end of July proved fallacious, and the unflagging confidence of the public was followed by long-continued anxiety for his safety. What has become of Stanley? What was the fate of his expedition, the speedy equipment and starting of which was prompted by the most humane of motives—the desire to help an unfortunate, noble man, who struggled against fanatic enemies for promoting the welfare of his province and the people that had been entrusted to his care?

During the slow progress of the expedition up the Congo Stanley's grudgers were busy spreading alarming and discouraging news. Later on, when all communication with the expedition had ceased, the same envious persons continued to spread false reports of Stanley's death, of the destruction of his caravan and the total failure of his expedition. All these reports may be traced to the boulevards of Paris, where the great work of the Congo Free State is watched jealously, and where the loss of the long hoped for supremacy in Central Africa is still grieved at. Therefore we may discard a consideration of all these reports.

Month elapsed after month, and no news was received. Letters came from Emin's Province—some from the southern point of Lake Albert Nyanza—Stanley was not heard of. The distance from this point to Yambuya Rapids, on the Aruvimi, does not seem very long, and great disappointment was felt at the prolonged lack of information.

Is there any cause for evil anticipations? Is it probable that Stanley has perished? Let us consider the state of affairs.

On June 23 and on July 12, 1887, Stanley sent letters recording his progress up the Aruvimi. He had a caravan of 50 Europeans and 465 soldiers and carriers. At Yambuya, which was first visited by Stanley in 1883, he left Major Barttelot in command of a rear guard, consisting of four Europeans and 125 soldiers. As soon as carriers could be obtained, Barttelot was to start with his forces and supplies and follow Stanley. Tippoo-Tib, the well-known Arab trader, had promised to send the necessary number of carriers from the upper Kongo, but failed to do so until about a year after Stanley's departure. In December, 1887, several deserters from Stanley's caravan were met with by Arabs

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on the upper Aruvimi. They told that they had left the expedition after five months' hard traveling in a mountainous region, which they described as very populous. According to their reports, several fights against the natives took place, and in one of these struggles Stanley was said to be wounded. Barttelot started northeastward in July, but was slain by one of his carriers. The caravan was at once scattered. Thus Stanley's rear guard was destroyed; the ammunition and provisions it carried were lost.

No further reports were received from the Kongo, but some interesting information has come from Zanzibar. Up to the end of last year Emin Pacha was in regular communication with Unyoro and Uganda. Then, all of a sudden, Kabrega, King of Unyoro, who had so far been friendly to Emin, prevented all further intercourse, and since November, 1887, we are without news from the Equatorial Province. Quite recently some Arabs trading between Lakes Muta Nzige, Moutan Nzige and Tabora claim to have met Stanley's rear guard southeast of Sango. Between the place, which was visited by Junker in 1882, and Lake Moutan Nzige, lies the unknown district Stanley has to traverse. The strength of the caravan was estimated at about two hundred and fifty men, the country was described as swampy and thickly wooded.

Our first conclusion from these reports is that the prime object of Stanley's expedition has not been attained. His own caravan has been so much weakened by the loss of the rear guard under Barttelot and by the prolonged march through a difficult country, that he cannot be of any material assistance to Emin. The latter wants ammunition and various European manufactures; even if Stanley has left a small supply of these, it can be no more than a temporary relief to Emin, who needs a continuous open route of intercourse with the coast, either by way of the Kongo or of the great lakes of East Africa. It is hardly necessary to state that Stanley has not opened a route between the Kongo and Waldelai; and it must be considered a fundamental mistake in organizing his expedition, that this object was not clearly kept in mind, or that the difficulties of establishing such a work were underestimated.

However, we feel no serious anxiety as to Stanley's safety. Of course, traveling in Africa is dangerous, and the malignant climate may sweep away even the hardiest and most experienced traveler;

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the arrow of a hostile native may strike Stanley, as it happened to other travelers. But setting aside this point, neither the long delay of his arrival at Wadelai, nor the various reports which reached us from time to time, contain anything which justifies apprehensions regarding the destruction of the caravan. First of all, the latest news from the East Coast are from November, 1887. The vague report of the Arabs who claim to have met Stanley's rear guard may or may not be true. There is no way of telling whether Stanley has reached Emin since November, 1887, or not. The rumored presence of a "white pasha" in the Bar-el-Gazal region is too indefinite to be adduced as making it probable that Stanley had entered that district.

If anything had happened to Stanley; if his expedition had perished, what would have been the effect? The arrival of a caravan of such magnitude, headed by fifty Europeans, coming from a distant country, nobody knows from where, going to unknown regions, unknown to the natives, is an event of such importance in African life, that it is much talked about. The destruction of such a caravan would be so impressing to the native mind, that the news would spread rapidly all over the country and reach a European station somewhere. But does news travel any distances in Africa? Remember the days when the interior was still unknown! Rumors of the immense distant lakes were afloat in Zanzibar and our cartographers excelled one the other in giving the fabulous inland sea wonderful extent and form. Everywhere the natives are able to describe the country hundreds of miles distant from their homes. Intertribal communication in Africa is highly developed. You may enter the continent at any point and cross it in all directions without ever leaving a well trodden trail, few regions excepted. That this is true also in regard to the region Stanley has to traverse, is shown by Junker's travels and inquiries. It seems that the tribes west of Lake Moutan Nzige have little intercourse with their eastern neighbors, but there is no indication that the tribes on the upper Aruvimi are isolated from their western and southern neighbors. On the contrary, the occurrence of similar types of implements all over the region north of the Kongo shows that there exists a continuous intercourse between the various tribes. Therefore, it seems probable, that if Stanley had perished on his march to Wadelai, the news would have reached the Kongo

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and Tanganyika somewhere. It may be assumed that three or four months would have sufficed to carry the news from Lake Moutan Nzige to the Kongo.

The slowness of Stanley's progress does not make us wonder. Junker describes the region to be crossed as full of swamps and impenetrable forests. The size of the caravan makes it very difficult to procure the necessary supplies, and necessitates long halts at short intervals. The region is inhabited by numerous petty tribes, which are unable to cause serious obstacles. If there existed any nation of considerable power or extent, it would be known in the neighboring districts.

Therefore we look confidently forward to a day when the telegraph will inform us of the fact that Stanley and Emin have joined hands.

And after that? Both men will be in no better position than that in which Emin is at present. From the north, Arabian fanatacism is still threatening to swamp the Equatorial Province. In the south, the kings of Unyoro and Uganda are jealously watching Emin; and undoubtedly opposed to any increase of his power. To the north, east, south and southwest Arabian slave traders, hostile to all European influence, are ravaging the native villages. The recent events in East Africa show their influence over the natives, their power to obstruct the work of European nations, and the general hatred against the whites which has ever been growing since the decadence of the Sultanate of Zanzibar. Thus Stanley and Emin are in a worse position than the latter alone before the "relief expedition" was undertaken, and Stanley's fate will be inseparably connected with that of Emin. Strenuous efforts, starting from the east coast, must be made, to liberate the enterprising explorer and to enable the persevering governor to carry on his work.

DR. FRANZ BOAS.

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HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

As time passes and the period rapidly approaches when in the course of nature my tongue must be silent, and the pen drop from my fingers, it seems but right that I should record some of the thousand and one reminiscences of a somewhat eventful career which may concern others, and may in the future be conducive to the good of my fellow mortals.

In June, 1840, I graduated at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, and in common with my classmates was granted a three months furlough to repair to my home to prepare for active service with my regiment in Florida. My home was then in the family of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, at Lancaster, Ohio. This family was large, occupying one of the best mansions of that ancient village, and among the family were two boys "cousins" of about eleven years of age, as bright and handsome as ever were two thoroughbred colts in a blue-grass pasture of Kentucky.

Being myself a full-fledged graduate of the National Military Academy, and a commissioned officer in the Third U. S. Artillery with a salary of $65 a month, *all* in gold, I could hardly stoop to notice these lads, but was informed that they were attending the select school of Mr. Lyons, an English gentleman, a classical scholar, uncle to the Lord Lyons who long represented Great Britain at Washington, and since has represented his country in Paris up to the time of his recent death. This teacher, Mr. Lyons, being a younger brother without estate, though with Oxford education, like many thousands of strangers, had come to America for a maintenance, working out the great unseen problem of life which often startles us with its results; for I honestly believe that the bias given to the minds of Jim Blaine and Tom Ewing, Jr., at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1840–1, by Mr. Lyons, has furnished us two of our brightest national luminaries.

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Blaine's history from that time forth is well known to all who seek the truth, and I propose to limit myself in this article to a single episode, or it may be to two, of his brilliant career.

In 1846–8 occurred the war with Mexico. General Zachary Taylor commanded our troops invading Mexico from the direction of Texas, and General Winfield Scott those from Vera Cruz. Both campaigns were eminently successful, and both leaders were afterwards sought for by the politicians of their day as Presidential candidates. I believe the military world will accord to General Scott the higher war honors; but General Taylor had been equally brave, heroic, and successful, and moreover possessed those personal qualities of patience, subordination, and honesty which always command popular applause. Therefore, although the civilian politicians had expected to profit by the Mexican War, the American people chose for their President in November, 1849, General Zachary Taylor.

At the time of his election he was a major-general in the army of the United States, which commission he resigned January 31, 1849, and was inaugurated President, March 4, 1849. He was then possessed of property in Kentucky, and a sugar plantation with slaves in Louisiana.

His family was composed of his son Richard, who for a time was with his father in Mexico and at Washington, who afterwards settled in Louisiana and went off to the Southern Confederacy with the stampede of 1861; a daughter, Mrs. Ann M. Wood, wife of the eminent army surgeon, Robert C. Wood, and Mrs. Betty Bliss, wife of Major W. W. S. Bliss, then universally known and respected as General Taylor's most faithful military adjutant and private secretary. At that date, 1850, Mrs. Wood was with her husband at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and Mrs. Bliss did the honors of the White House in Washington, from March 4, 1849, till her father's death. With them all I had a more or less intimate acquaintance. Surgeon Wood attended General Taylor in his last fatal illness, but his great skill and kindness were unavailing, President Taylor died July 9, 1850, and his family afterwards became scattered.

Long years passed, the "Great Conspiracy of 1861" was hatched, and the Civil War was at its crisis. In April, 1864, I found myself at Nashville, Tennessee, charged with a heavy load of responsibility, but I had plenty of good men to help me,

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among them this same surgeon, Robert C. Wood, then promoted to be Assistant Surgeon-General, who had become an old man, with a young heart and a big soul. He was posted at Louisville to receive, care for and professionally treat the hundreds and thousands of poor fellows doomed to drift to the rear in the mad onslaught then preparing. He met his responsibilities like a man, and his letters which I preserve are proof to me that this world is not as bad as represented. I went on, never saw him again, and only afterwards read in the Gazette that Assistant Surgeon-General Robert C. Wood died March 28, 1869, having served his country faithfully since 1825—full forty-four years.

In the year 1873 General U. S. Grant was President of the United States. I was General in Chief of the armies of the United States, and James G. Blaine was Speaker of the House of Representatives. All were resident in Washington, D. C. I was seated in my office at the old War Department, now destroyed and replaced by a better one, when my orderly produced the card of "Mrs. Wood," widow of the late Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A. Of course I instructed him to show the lady in. She was deeply veiled, then not uncommon by reason of the many dependent widows and orphans who thronged the national capital to appeal for help. She, without unveiling, handed me a letter in the familiar handwriting of the venerable General David Hunter, asking me to befriend "the bearer." Casting my eyes over it, I exclaimed, "What! are you the widow of my old Surgeon-General Wood, and the daughter of General Zachary Taylor?" "Yes," she answered, raised her veil and revealed her features, then of an old lady, but beyond question the daughter of General Zachary Taylor. "Dear Mrs. Wood, what does this mean? What can I do for you?" She replied, "I do not know, but General Hunter, our steadfast friend, has sent me to you," and she went on to explain: "When my husband died in 1869, I supposed I had estate enough to satisfy my moderate wants. I went to Louisiana, took possession of the old sugar plantation, collected a few of the old slaves with promises of wages or shares, tried to make a living, but everything was out of joint. I then tried a lease with no better success. Now my daughter writes me from Austria that she is very sick and begs me to come to her. General Sherman! I *must* go to my daughter, and I have not a cent. My old friends are all dead, and I know

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not what to do." I naturally inquired how much money was necessary? She said a thousand dollars. I had not the money. General Hunter had not the money. How about your pension? "When my husband died after forty-four years of faithful service in the Florida War, in the Mexican War, and the great Civil War, I thought I could take care of myself and never asked for a pension, but now my child calls to me from abroad." "Mrs. Wood, I am sure we can easily make up a case under the General Pension Law, which will give you $30 a month, but it can only date from the time of your formal application." "What good will that do me?" she exclaimed, "my daughter is calling for me *now!* My passage across the ocean will cost $120, and the incidental expenses afterwards will run up to a full thousand." After a few moments' thought I said: "Mrs. Wood, we must get a *special* bill, putting your name on the same list with that of Mrs. General Worth, Mrs. General Sumner and others, and have this special pension to date back to your husband's death, viz.: March 28, 1869. This will require an act of Congress. What member of that body do you know from Louisiana?" "Alas, none." "What member from Kentucky?" "Not one." "Do you know anybody in Congress?" "Not a single member." "Don't you know Mr. Blaine? He is the Speaker of the House, a fellow of infinite wit and of unbounded generosity?" No, she had never met Mr. Blaine. "Now, my dear Mrs. Wood, can you meet me this afternoon at the Speaker's Room, say, at 4 P. M., punctually?" "I will do anything," she answered, "that you advise." "Then meet me at the Speaker's Room, south wing of the Capitol, at 4 o'clock this evening." Of course she did.

I was there ahead of time, sent my card to Mr. Speaker Blaine, who was in his chair presiding over a noisy House, but who, as always, responded quickly to my call. In a few words, I explained the whole case, and we went together to the Speaker's Room across the hall, behind the "Chair," where sat the lady, closely veiled. No courtier since the days of Charlemagne ever approached a lady with more delicacy and grace than did Mr. Speaker Blaine the afflicted widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor, a former President of the United States. After a few words of inquiry and explanation, he turned to me, and said: "Great God! has it come to this, that the daughter of Zachary Taylor, and the widow of a faithful

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army surgeon who served his country and mankind all his life, should be here knocking at the doors of Congress for the pitiful pension of fifty dollars a month?" I could only answer: "'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Turning to Mrs. Wood, Blaine continued: "Your father was the first man I ever shouted for as President, and for you, his daughter, I will do all a man can in this complicated government. I will make your case my own. Don't leave this city till you hear from me." Finding I had touched the proper chord of his generous nature, I advised Mrs. Wood to return to General Hunter's, and await the result. Blaine escorted her to the stairway with many friendly expressions, returned to the Speaker's chair, and resumed his functions.

I *did not remain*, but learned from a friend afterwards the sequel. Blaine sat in his chair about an hour, giving attention to the business of the House, occasionally scribbling on a bit of paper, and when a lull occurred he called some member to take his place and walked straight to Mr. Holman, the "Universal Objector," saying: "Holman, I have a little matter of great interest which I want to rush through, please don't 'object.'" "What is it?" "A special pension for the widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor." "Is it all right?" "Of course it is all right, and every American should blush that this thing could be." "Well," said Holman, "go ahead; I will be out of the way, in the cloak-room." Watching his opportunity, James G. Blaine, as a Member of Congress for Maine, got the eye and ear of the Acting Speaker, made one of his most eloquent and beautiful speeches, introduced his little bill for the pension of Mrs. Wood for $50 a month, to date back to the time of Surgeon Wood's death (about four years), which would give her about $2,400 of arrears and $600 a year for life. It was *rushed* through the House by unanimous consent, and Blaine followed it through to the Senate and to the President, where it became law, and this most deserving lady was enabled to go to Austria to be with her daughter in her illness. I understand that both are now dead, and that the overflowing treasury of the United States is no longer taxed by this pension, but I must rescue from oblivion the memory of this pure act of unrecorded benevolence.

Pensions are not always matters of legal contract but of charity, which blesses him who gives as well as receives; and I of all men

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fully recognize the difficulty of making pensions subject to the tender feelings of an executive officer; but when I discover an instance illustrating the genuine feeling, no one should object to my recording it and printing it if need be.

There is another phase in Mr. Blaine's character of which I, and I *alone*, can testify. The press of our country supposes that it controls public opinion and public events. Whereas in fact prudent men conceal their most important thoughts. During the Civil War the Northern press was not friendly to the generals who succeeded, but lavished flattery without limit on the "failures" and on our distinguished opponents.

Well do I recall General McPherson's exclamation a few days before his heroic death: "Sherman, why is it that our Ohio papers, especially those of Cincinnati, continue their abuse of Grant, and you, and me, all natives of Ohio, who surely are doing our very best?" I could only answer that I did not know except that it was easier for the editors and reporters to fight battles in their safe offices in the North than among the rocks, ravines and rivers of the South. Yet we soldiers did eventually win the battle, and restored the country to its normal condition of law and peace.

In peace, also, the press is generally hostile to whomsoever is prominent and *positive*. Let any man rise above the common level, and the cry goes forth, crucify him! crucify him!—the same old story! Nevertheless, I honestly believe the people of the United States to be a thinking people; that the press chiefly records the gossip of the day, and that the future of our beloved land is safe in the custody of its good, industrious citizens. To be sure it sometimes requires an earthquake like that of 1861 to arouse them to serious thought.

In the year of our Lord 1884, there was to be a sharp contest for the nomination in Chicago for a presidential candidate of the Republican party. The press and people generally believed that Blaine wanted it, and everybody turned to him as the man best qualified to execute the policy to accomplish the result aimed at. Still, abnegating himself, he wrote to me from Washington this letter:

"*Confidential, strictly and absolutely so.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 25, 1884.

"MY DEAR GENERAL:

"**This letter requires no answer. After reading it file it away in your most secret drawer or give it to the flames.**

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"At the approaching convention at Chicago it is more than possible, it is indeed not improbable, that you may be nominated for the Presidency. If so you must stand your hand, accept the responsibility and assume the duties of the place to which you will surely be chosen if a candidate.

"You must not look upon it as the work of the politicians. If it comes to you it will come as the ground swell of popular demand, and you can no more refuse than you could have refused to obey an order when you were a lieutenant in the army. If it comes to you at all it will come as a call of patriotism. It would in such an event injure your great fame as much to decline it as it would for you to seek it. Your historic record, full as it is, would be rendered still more glorious by such an administration as you would be able to give the country. Do not say a word in advance of the convention, no matter who may ask you. You are with your friends who will jealously guard your honor and renown.

"Your friend, JAMES G. BLAINE."

To which I replied:

"912 GARRISON AVENUE,
"ST. LOUIS, MO., *May* 28, 1884.

"HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have received your letter of the 25th, shall construe it as absolutely confidential, not intimating even to any member of my family that I have heard from you, and though you may not expect an answer I hope you will not construe one as unwarranted.

"I have had a great many letters from all points of the compass to a similar effect, one or two of which I have answered frankly, but the great mass are unanswered.

"I ought not to submit myself to the cheap ridicule of declining what is not offered, but it is only fair to the many really able men who rightfully aspire to the high honor of being President of the United States, to let them know that I am not and must not be construed as a rival. In every man's life occurs an epoch when he must choose his own career and when he may *not* throw off the responsibility, or tamely place his destiny in the hands of friends. Mine occurred in Louisiana, when, in 1861, alone in the midst of a people blinded by supposed wrongs, I resolved to stand by the Union as long as a fragment of it survived on which to cling. Since then, through faction, tempest, war and peace, my career has been all my family and friends could ask. We are now in a good house of our own choice, with reasonable provisions for old age, surrounded by kind and admiring friends, in a community where Catholicism is held in respect and veneration, and where my children will naturally grow up in contact with an industrious and frugal people. You have known and appreciated Mrs. Sherman from childhood, have also known each and all the members of my family, and can understand without an explanation from me how their thoughts and feelings should and ought to influence my action. But I will not even throw off on them the responsibility.

"*I will not in any event entertain or accept a nomination as a candidate for* President by the Chicago Republican Convention, or any other convention, for reasons personal to myself. I claim that the Civil War, in which I simply did a man's fair share of work, so perfectly accomplished peace that military men have an absolute right to rest, and to demand that the men who have been schooled in the arts and practice of peace shall now do their work equally well. Any Senator can step from his chair at the Capitol into the White House and fulfill the office of President with more skill and success than a Grant, Sherman or Sheridan, who were soldiers by education and nature, who filled well their office when the country was in danger, but were not schooled in the practice by which civil communities are and should be governed. I claim that our experience since 1865 demonstrates the truth of this my proposition. Therefore I say that patriotism does not demand of me what I construe as a sacrifice of judgment, of inclination, and of self-interest.

"I have my personal affairs in a state of absolute safety and comfort. I owe no man a cent, have no expensive habits, envy no man his wealth or power, no compli-

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cations or indirect liabilities, and would account myself a fool, a madman, an ass, to embark anew at sixty-five years of age in a career that may become at any moment tempest-tossed by perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty or neglect of any single one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President of the United States, not to say the eternal worriment by a vast host of impecunious friends and old military subordinates. Even as it is I am tortured by the charitable appeals of poor, distressed pensioners, but as President these would be multiplied beyond human endurance.

"I remember well the experience of Generals Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, all elected because of their military services, and am warned, not encouraged, by their sad experiences.

"The civilians of the United States should and must buffet with this thankless office, and leave us old soldiers to enjoy the peace we fought for, and think we earned. With profound respect,

"Your friend, W. T. SHERMAN."

These letters prove absolutely that Mr. Blaine, though qualified, waived to me personally a nomination which the world still believes he then coveted for himself.

For copies of these letters I believe I have been importuned a thousand times, but as a soldier I claim the privilege of unmasking my batteries when I please.

In looking over my letter-book of that period I find one recorded and dated two weeks *before* the Blaine letter, which is to me more satisfactory than any other, and therefore I embrace it in this article, which I want to be complete and final on this subject matter, viz.:

"912 GARRISON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO., *May* 16, 1884.

"HON. M. C. BUTT, Virogna, Wis.

"MY DEAR SIR: I infer from your letter of May 14, just received, that you are one of those soldiers who served under me in the Rebellion, and that you entertain for me that most acceptable feeling of love and confidence which I value more than gold and riches. I also infer that you are a delegate to the Republican Convention to meet at Chicago early in June, to select out of the great number of eminent and experienced men a candidate for President.

"I am embarrassed by the receipt of many private letters intimating that my name may be presented, and that as an American officer and citizen I have no right to decline. It is simply exposing myself to ridicule to answer declining what is not offered, and probably never will be; and, as a rule, such letters are ignored; but you are a Delegate, and, in my opinion, have a higher title in being a member of that Army which made our Government permanent and most honored among the Nations of the earth, therefore entitled to an answer.

"At this moment of time no danger or necessity exists which can make such a personal sacrifice necessary on my part. My brother, Senator Sherman, is fully advised of my views, so is my neighbor, ex-Senator Henderson, who will be at Chicago as a delegate from Missouri, and both should relieve me of any embarrassment, for I will not allow the use of my name as a candidate. I have a thousand reasons, any one of which to me is good and sufficient, and I claim the full benefit of the freedom for which we fought of choosing for myself my own course of action in life. I do not want my old comrades to think me eccentric or unreasonable, but to concede to me the simple privilege of living out my own time in peace and comfort.

"This letter is meant for yourself alone and not for the public.

"With great respect.

"Yours &c., W. T. SHERMAN."

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In giving to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW at this late day these letters, which thus far have remained hidden in my private files, I commit no breach of confidence, and to put at rest a matter of constant inquiry referred to in my letter of May 28, 1884, I here record that my immediate family are strongly Catholic. I am *not* and cannot be. That is all the public has a right to know; nor do I wish to be construed as departing from a resolve made forty years ago never to embark in politics. The brightest and best youth of our land have been drawn into that maelstrom, and their wrecked fortunes strew the beach of the Ocean of Time. My memory even in its short time brings up names of victims by the hundreds, if not thousands.

Still American citizens should take an interest in public events, because with them resides the ultimate power, the "Sovereignty." We have thrown overboard the old doctrine of the Divine right of kings, and substituted "The will of the people," and the civilized world looks toward America for a solution of the greatest problem of human existence and happiness, *good government;* this is only possible by watching jealously and closely the drift of public events.

Thus far as a nation we have met every phase, colonial and national, military and civil, and in my judgment the people of the United States have in the past fifty years accomplished larger physical results than those of Asia in a thousand years or of Europe in five hundred years. I am equally convinced that our people in every section are more intelligent, more temperate, and enjoy more of the comforts of life than did our immediate ancestors. So that we are well warranted in allowing the drift of public events to continue as now, as little disturbed by artificial obstructions as possible. Tis true that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and citizens should and must watch the conduct of their chosen agents. Acts are substantial, words and professions are only idle wind; none but men who have *done* well should be chosen to office. The worst men always *promise* most—and of all things the Nation should not be represented abroad by men who *labored* to destroy the Government. Again, the incident recently reported as having occurred at Richmond, Virginia, of displaying the Rebel flag in a procession to which Union men were invited, among them the venerable Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, one of the famous war governors, who

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to my personal knowledge has gone to the extreme limit of possibility to create a perfect reconciliation, was calculated to arouse feelings which it were wiser to allow to die out. We now have a common country, a common destiny, and but a single national flag.

I was glad to receive from high authority the assurance that the affair had been greatly exaggerated. Still it is well to emphasize the fact that the Rebel flag went down *forever* at Appomattox, and cannot be resurrected without protest, if not actual bloodshed.

W. T. SHERMAN.

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MADNESS AND MURDER.

THE propensity to kill exists to a greater or less extent in the mind of every human being without exception. In some it consists in a desire to take the life of fish, in others of birds, in others of deer or buffalo, and in still others of larger and more dangerous animals, such as tigers, elephants, and lions. In some, but few as compared with the number of those who delight in taking the lives of the lower animals, the impulse is shown towards other men or women. It is, however, very much a matter of education, the condition of life, or the attendant circumstances. The Prince of Wales kills a hundred pheasants before luncheon—the King of Dahomey kills a half a dozen of his wives before breakfast. It is to be supposed that each is actuated by the love of pleasure. If the acts in question of either of these potentates caused him pain it is quite certain that neither the pheasants nor the wives would be immolated.

This desire to destroy life is often exhibited during the very earliest stages of infancy. In fact it is inborn, instinctive, and no amount of civilization or refinement is sufficient to abolish it altogether. Some individuals may succeed in keeping it down, but even the mildest mannered man that ever lived possesses it ready to dominate him when a sufficient exciting cause arises, and many another struggles against it with tears and prayers to yield to it at last, and then, perhaps, to destroy himself immediately afterward.

An apparently motiveless murder is usually regarded as the result of insanity in the perpetrator; but there is really no such thing as a motiveless murder. If there were no motive there would be no reason why the murder should take place, and, consequently, there would be no murder. The people who possess in an inordinate degree the propensity to kill their fellow-creatures are generally skillful in concealing their motives, and, again, are

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actuated by reasons which are altogether inadequate from a normal standpoint.

In another class of cases the impulse consists of an idea occurring in the mind of an individual contrary to his sense of what is right and proper, and urging him to the perpetration of an act repugnant to his conscience and wishes as developed by the education he has received. Here the inborn propensity to kill or to commit some other act of violence ceases to lie dormant and carries its possessor irresistibly toward the accomplishment of the object to which it is directed. There is no delusion and no necessary emotional disturbance, except such as would naturally result in a well-disposed person from the existence in him of predominant impulse to commit crime, neither does he exhibit any deficiency of intellect. He is perfectly aware of the nature of the act he is prompted to perpetrate, and acts simply because he is impelled thereto by a force which he feels himself powerless to resist. Very often he manifests calmness and deliberation, at other times agitation and excitement. He does not for a moment lose consciousness, as does the epileptic, who may also commit acts of violence under the influence of a paroxysm, and when his impulse has been satisfied or his purpose changed by any momentary but more powerful cause, he recollects distinctly all the circumstances of the occasion.

It frequently happens that the subject of a morbid impulse to kill struggles successfully against the force that actuates him even when on the very point of yielding, or when he takes such means as experience has shown him are sufficient to direct him, or the impulse disappears apparently spontaneously or as a consequence of appropriate medical or correctional treatment.

Very slight causes are often sufficient to destroy or overcome the morbid impulse. The case is cited of a distinguished chemist and an amiable man who, feeling himself impelled to commit murder and knowing his inability to resist, voluntarily placed himself in a *maison de santé*. Tormented by the impulse to kill, he often prostrated himself before the altar and implored the Almighty to deliver him from the atrocious power that controlled him and the origin of which he could not explain. When he felt that his will was yielding, he went to the superintendent of the asylum and had him tie his hands together with a ribbon, the mere semblance of restraint being sufficient to control him.

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On the other hand, the case is cited of a man who, rather than yield to an impulse to kill his wife, which he felt was rapidly becoming irresistible, cut off his right arm. Honest human nature could not go much farther than this.

Again, all the efforts of the affected individual are apparently unsuccessful, and the deed to which he is impelled is committed. I say *apparently*, because we never can be quite sure that the subject has exercised all his will power, or availed himself of all those means to prevent the accomplishment of his act which ordinary reason would suggest. When he effectually resists, there are not wanting those who will declare that the case is not one of morbid impulse; while, when he yields at once or eventually, these same persons will just as strongly affirm that the impulse was irresistible. Several cases have come under my observation in which patients have confessed to me that they have had impulses to commit various kinds of crimes which they have been barely able to resist. These people have passed through life attending faithfully to their several duties, and entirely unsuspected of contending with themselves in so terrible a manner.

I was once consulted by a young man for symptoms indicating the existence of cerebral hyperæmia. He had pain in his head, dizziness, and was unable to sleep. He informed me that he had been for several months constantly troubled by a force, which was inexplicable to him, to kill a friend who was employed in the same office with him. Upon one occasion he had gone so far as to secretly put strychnia into a mug of ale which he had invited the young man to drink; but just as the intended victim was raising the vessel to his lips, he had, as if by accident, knocked it out of his hand. Every morning he had awakened with the impulse so strong upon him that he felt certain he would carry it out before the day closed, but he had always been able to overcome it.

This young man reasoned perfectly well in regard to his impulse, and very candidly admitted, and I entirely agreed with him, that if he had yielded and committed the murder he ought to have been punished to the full extent of the law.

A lady several years ago was brought to me by her husband for advice in regard to her mental condition. She told me her own story as nearly as possible in the following words, which I transcribe from my note-book:

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"I had been feeling quite badly for several days, had not slept well, and was suffering from slight but continuous pain in the head and vertigo. Moreover, I had some little confusion of mind, as shown by the fact that I could not collect my thoughts, and called things often by their wrong names. I was not depressed in spirits, though I felt uncomfortable enough. This morning I awoke after a particularly restless night; I went to the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked down into the street. A slight snow followed by rain had fallen, and the sidewalks were slushy and slippery. All at once, with a suddenness and force that were overwhelming, the idea came into my head to throw myself from the window. I opened it hastily, and was in the act of plunging down headforemost, when my attention was attracted by a boy with a basket of bread on his arm slipping on the pavement, and falling in the street. I burst into a hearty laugh; my impulse was gone. I closed the window, gave a cry, and fell to the floor in a fainting condition. I recovered consciousness in a moment or two, and found my husband bending ever me. I recollected everything that had happened. The print of my hands was still in the snow on the windowsill, and the boy had really fallen as I had described. Since then, I have been feeling much better, but I am afraid of myself, for I don't know what impulse may come upon me next."

It will be seen, therefore, that an impulse of the kind under consideration may be sudden and may exhaust itself by a single occurrence; or it may be continuous, lasting with more or less intensity for weeks, months, or even years. It may then disappear without its ever having been fulfilled; or it may be acted upon and may then either be repeated, or vanish, or it may result in the subject passing into a more generalized type of insanity.

The principle of suggestion is often the exciting cause of crimes which are thought to be motiveless. The sight of a suitable weapon may prompt to a homicide. Persons have hanged themselves on the suggestion excited by the sight of a rope. A lady seeing a vial labeled "nitric acid" on a table in my consulting room, seized it, and, putting it to her lips, would have swallowed the contents if I had not fortunately perceived her in time and knocked it from her hands. As it was she only succeeded in spoiling an elegant gown.

Even a word spoken in jest, under certain circumstances, may

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be sufficient. A physician having received for dissection the body of a man who had commited suicide by cutting his throat, but who had done this in such a manner that his death did not take place until after an interval of great suffering, jokingly remarked to his attendant, "If you have any fancy to cut your throat, don't do it in such a bungling way as this; a little more to the left, here, and you will cut the carotid artery." The individual to whom this dangerous advice was given was a sober, steady man, with a family and a comfortable subsistence. He had never manifested the slightest tendency to suicide, and had, apparently, no motive to commit it. And yet, strange to say, the sight of the corpse and the observation made by the physician, suggested to him the idea of self-destruction, and this took such firm hold of him that he carried it into execution, fortunately, however, without profiting by the anatomical instruction he had received—he did not cut the carotid artery.

A young man who consulted me had ruined several handsome dresses worn by ladies by throwing oil of vitriol upon them. He came to be cured of a propensity which was painful to him, but which he felt powerless to overcome.

"A handsome dress," he said, "acts upon me very much as I suppose a piece of red cloth does upon an infuriated bull: I must attack it. A bull uses his horns, while I use vitriol. I do not know why the idea ever came into my head. But one day I passed a lady in the street who was wearing a very elegant silk gown, and suddenly I felt the impulse to spoil it. I went into the nearest apothecary shop and bought some vitriol. Then brushing by her I managed to empty the contents of the vial on her gown. The act caused me great pleasure. Since then I have ruined a hundred handsome dresses in the same way."

Marc relates the case of a nurse who felt the impulse to murder the infant she took care of whenever she saw its naked skin. She threw herself on her knees before her mistress and begged to be discharged, declaring that the whiteness of the child's skin excited in her the idea of murder, and that she could no longer resist the impulse.

Several years since I had under my charge a lady who whenever she saw the naked shoulders of a young child felt an impulse, which she declared she could not resist, to bite the skin. She had thus inflicted very disagreeable wounds on the children of

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her friends, and was finally arrested on the charge of assault, but the matter was hushed up on her promise to abstain from such conduct in the future. And she kept her word.

Closely allied to suggestion, and perhaps a more powerful cause of morbid impulse of the species under notice, is imitation. Thus, many crimes have been committed by persons who have had the impulse excited by reading accounts of the trials of other persons or the detailed recitals of all the particulars of offenses which the age requires the public press to contain. Epidemics of murder, suicide, arson, and other crimes are thus produced.

"Some years ago," says Dr. Forbes Winslow, "a man hung himself on the threshold of one of the doors of the Hotel des Invalides. No suicide had occurred in the establishment for two years previously; but in the succeeding fortnight five invalids hung themselves on the same cross-bar, and the Governor was obliged to shut up the passage."

Epidemics of suicide spread, according to Plutarch, among the women of Miletus, and, as is well known in later day, among the women of Marseilles.

A careful study of the cases of suicide recorded in the daily newspapers shows that they are, to a great extent, influenced in character by the principle of imitation. A case of suicide by Paris green is published, and straightway half a dozen others due to this poison are the result, or a man or a woman jumps from a ferry-boat while it is crossing the river, and then this mode becomes the fashion for a while, to be followed in its turn by some other method.

When I was a medical student a young gentleman from Georgia was on one occasion dissecting the same body that I was. He had drawn by lot one of the lower extremities as his part of the subject, and he was assiduous and careful in his work. So far as my observation extended, he did not differ essentially from other medical students. He was cheerful in disposition and gave no evidence whatever of mental derangement or even of excitement or depression of mind. One morning we were told that he had been found dead on the floor of his bedroom. An examination showed that he had divided his femoral artery—in the thigh—and had died of hemorrhage. It was then ascertained that he had the evening before received a letter which had apparently caused him much unhappiness.

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Now, suicide by division of the femoral artery is certainly a very unusual mode of self-destruction. I doubt if any case of the kind had previously occurred in New York. Yet, within a week there were two others, one of which was Horace Wells, the alleged discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether.

Here we have the principle of suggestion acting on the first victim, and then that of imitation on the others.

Imitation is of more force when the intellect is not fully developed. Even in the normal condition we find it more strongly exercised in women and children than in adult men. In the latter the influence may be so powerful that the actual disease is acquired. Thus a child imitates the movements of another affected with chorea or with stammering, and immediately contracts the disorder. Even squinting has been produced in this manner.

A lady received such a vivid impression on seeing her maid throw herself down a well that she never passed a well without feeling a strong impulse to throw herself into it.

An idiot having killed a pig felt impelled to kill a man and obeyed the impulse on the first one he met.

A melancholic person was present at the execution of a criminal and was immediately seized with an impulse, of which he was fully conscious and could scarcely resist, to murder some one.

A child, six years old, strangled its younger brother. The father and mother entering the room the moment the act was in process of accomplishment, demanded the cause. The child threw itself weeping into their arms and answered that it was imitating the devil whom it had seen strangle Punchinello.

Another form of mental derangement, and one not readily recognized by the general public, is one which has been aptly called reasoning mania. The subjects of this disorder exhibit no marked change in the understanding, the judgment, imagination, the memory, or any other of the purely intellectual faculties of the mind; but there is perversion of the emotions, derangement of the will, and blind impulsions to the perpetration of acts of violence, or even a sanguinary fury, without its being possible to recognize the existence of any dominant idea to which the acts in question can be ascribed.

In other cases there is ordinarily the most marked coherence of ideas and correctness of judgment. The subject reads, writes and reflects as though he enjoyed his normal reason, and yet he is

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liable at any time to perpetrate some act or a series of acts of violence.

Again, he may be governed by some idea correct enough in itself, but with which he has no special business to concern himself, and which he endeavors to carry out by unlawful methods and by the perpetration of acts often of such a character as to render him a most dangerous member of society.

It is no uncommon event for the reasoning maniac, influenced by his supreme egotism and desire for notoriety, to attempt the part of the reformer. Generally, he selects a practice or custom in which there is really no abuse, or one through which he imagines he has suffered some injury. His energy and the logical manner with which he presents his views, based, as they often are, upon cases and statistics, impose on many worthy people who eagerly adopt him as a genuine overthrower of a vicious or degrading measure. But sensible persons soon perceive that there is no sincerity in his conduct; that he cares nothing whatever for the cause he is advocating; that his cases or statistics are forged or intentionally misconstrued for the distinct purpose of deceiving; in short, that the philanthropy or morality which he affects is assumed for the occasion. Even when his hypocrisy and falsehood are exposed, he continues his attempts at imposition, and though the strong arm of the law be laid upon him, he prates with ingratitude of those he has been endeavoring to assist, and of the disinterestedness of his own motives.

Although reasoning maniacs are not subject to irresistible impulses to commit motiveless crimes, they are prone to acts of violence from slight exciting causes, and these may be perpetrated either in the heat of passion or after such deliberation as they are able to give to any subject. Generally they are directed against those whom they suppose have injured them or against former friends with whom they have quareled. Again, they may be committed solely for the purpose of gratifying the morbid feelings of pleasure which they experience at the sufferings of others. In the first category are embraced the many cases of arson, maiming, homicide, and other crimes in which the motive alleged has been so slight as to be ridiculous.

A few months ago a murder of a peculiarly atrocious character was committed in the district known as Whitechapel, London. The victim was a woman of the lowest class of that par-

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ticularly low section of the metropolis. Not content with simply killing the woman, the murderer had mutilated the corpse and had inflicted wounds altogether unnecessary for the accomplishment of his object. Three or four months afterwards another woman of the same class was found dead with over thirty stab wounds in her body, and in quick succession other similar crimes were committed, until now the number amounts to nine. The efforts of the police to discover the perpetrator or perpetrators have up to this time been utterly fruitless, and every supposed clew that has been followed up has proved to be without foundation. All kinds of theories have been indulged in by the police, professional and amateur, and by legal and medical experts, who appear to have exhausted their ingenuity in devising the most strained hypotheses in their attempts to account for these murderous crimes. In the foregoing remarks relative to madness and murder I have brought forward examples in illustration of several forms of mental derangement, any one of which may have been the predominating motive which has been the starting point of the crimes in question.

Thus they may have been committed by a person who kills merely for the love of killing, and who has selected a particular class from which to choose his victims, for the reason that being of very little importance in the social world, they could be killed with a minimum amount of risk of detection. The fact that unnecessary wounds and mutilation were inflicted gives additional support to this theory. The more hacking and cutting the more delight would be experienced.

They may be the result of a morbid impulse which the perpetrator feels himself unable to resist, and which, after he had yielded to its power, is followed by the most acute anguish of mind. It may be said against this view that if such were the fact the murderer would, in his moments of mental agony and repentance, surrender himself to the authorities; but in answer I think it may be properly alleged that fear for his own safety would prevent him doing an act which he might feel to be right, but which he would know would lead to his speedy execution. To test the correctness of this hypothesis it would be necessary to offer him free and unconditional pardon. If he is the subject of a morbid impulse which he cannot resist, he will give himself up if immunity be promised him.

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The murders may have been committed by one who is acting under the principle of suggestion. He may have recently heard or read of similar crimes (for such murders have been committed before) and has been impelled thereby to go and do likewise, until after the first two or three murders he has acquired a love for the act of killing, and for the excitement attendant on the risk which he runs. This last incentive is a very powerful one, with certain morbidly constituted minds, and has apparently been the chief motive in some notable series of crimes.

Again, they may have been committed by several persons acting under the influence of the power of imitation. This force, owing to the extensive publication of reports of crimes through the newspapers, is much more influential at present than at any other period in the history of the world. The more ferocious the murder the more likelihood that it will be imitated. It is not at all unreasonable to suppose that there may have been as many murderers of these women as there are murders.

I am inclined, however, to think that the perpetrator is a reasoning maniac, one who has received or imagines he has received some injury from the class of women upon which his crimes are committed, or who has assumed the role of the reformer, and who thinks he can annihilate them one by one or strike such terror into those that remain that they will hasten to abandon their vicious mode of life. He is probably a person whose insanity is not suspected even by those who are in constant association with him. He may be a clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, or even a member of the titled aristocracy; a cashier in a bank, a shopkeeper, an officer of the army or navy. All apparently motiveless crimes are exceedingly difficult of detection. It is quite conceivable that this man may leave the dinner-table or the ball-room and pass a dozen policemen on his way towards the accomplishment of his purpose. The higher he appeared to be in the social scale the less he would be liable to suspicion. He may be for a man some such person as Hélène Jégado was for a woman. This wretch, between the years of 1853 and 1857, killed twenty-eight persons by poison, besides making several unsuccessful attempts. In none of her murders was any cause alleged or discovered, though undoubtedly the pleasure derived from the perpetration of crime was the chief factor. Her victims were her masters and mistresses, her fellow servants, her

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friends, and several nuns, for whom in their last moments she displayed the utmost tenderness and care. The plea of monomania was set up in her defense, but no evidence of insanity was brought forward by her counsel save the apparent want of motive for her crimes. It was shown, however, that she had begun her career when only seventeen years old by attempting to poison her confessor; that she had, while perpetrating her wholesale murders, affected the greatest piety and was for a time an inmate of a convent; that she had committed over thirty thefts; that she had maliciously cut and burned various articles of clothing placed in her charge; that when asked why she had stolen things that were of no use to her she had replied: "I always steal when I am angry;" that she was subject to alternate periods of great mental depression, and excessive and unreasonable gaiety; that she was affected with pains in the head and vertigo; that when she was angry she vomited blood; and that while in prison awaiting trial she was constantly laughing and joking about indifferent subjects. She was found guilty, and on being asked if she had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, made answer, "No, your Honor, I am innocent. I am resigned to all that may happen. I would rather die innocent than live guilty. You have judged me, but God will judge you." Her last words on the scaffold were directed to accusing a woman as her instigator and accomplice, whose name was not even mentioned during the trial, and who, upon inquiry, was found to be an old paralytic whose whole life had been of the most exemplary character.

If this woman had stopped after killing twenty-seven persons she would probably never have been detected. If the perpetrator of the so-called Whitechapel murders were to cease now his career of crime, there is no reason to suppose that he would ever be discovered. But it is not at all likely that he will fail to go on in the course which has now become second nature to him. His love for murder has become overpowering, and immunity has rendered him bold. Little by little he will become less cautious, and eventually he will be caught.

When arrested the question of how to dispose of him will arise. In what I have said I have assumed him to be a lunatic of some kind. If a certain degree of maudlin sentimentality should prevail he will be placed in a lunatic asylum and in the

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course of a few years may be discharged as cured. But such insanity as his is never cured. Doubtless while an inmate of the asylum his conduct will be of the most exemplary character. He will dissemble for years and will deceive the very elect among experts in insanity. Superintendents and clergymen and various other high personages will unite in testifying to his thorough change of heart and Christian bearing, and when he is discharged with the blessings of all with whom he has been associated he will begin to commit another series of murders fully as atrocious as those for which he has been sequestrated.

There is but one way to deal with a person like this Whitechapel murderer, and that is, to hang him as soon as he is caught. He is an enemy of society and is entitled to no more consideration than a wild beast which follows his instinct to kill. Laws are not made for the purpose of enforcing the principles of abstract justice; they are enacted solely for the protection of society. Some fifteen years ago, in a little book entitled "Insanity in its Relations to Crime," I urged that certain of the insane are properly as much amenable to punishment as though in full possession of all their mental faculties unimpaired. In a paper published in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for November, 1882, entitled "A Problem for Sociologists," I said:

"A man with murderous tendencies which he is unable to restrain is as much an enemy to society as a ferocious tiger or a mad dog, and ought to be dealt with in quite as summary a manner as we deal with these animals. It is all very well to talk of the inhumanity of such a proceeding, and to urge sequestration in a lunatic asylum as amply meeting the requirements of the case. But experience teaches us that, though it may be very difficult for a sane person improperly committed to get out of an asylum, it is the easiest thing in the world for a lunatic who has committed a crime to walk out of its doors with the full consent of the superintendent. Till these things are changed, the law, as recently laid down by Judge Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court of this State, and by Judge Cox, of the District of Columbia, and as almost universally held by the English judges, that every one is responsible who knows the nature and consequence of his act, is no more than sufficient for protection, the prime object of every law.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

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HIGH LICENSE JUSTIFIED.

THE regulation and control of the liquor traffic is one of the most difficult problems with which modern governments have to deal. The uncontrolled or unregulated sale of intoxicating liquors is recognized by all civilized governments to be an evil of such magnitude that it cannot be safely permitted, and all civilized governments have laws controlling the traffic, more or less restrictive in their nature.

These laws may be divided into two classes: one of which, under the form of license or taxation, describes rules and regulations under which intoxicants may be sold, and imposes a license fee, or tax, upon the seller, and undertakes to enforce these regulations or restrictions through the ordinary means of the law officers of the government, by its prosecuting attorneys, or, in cities, through the police department.

The other class or system seeks to entirely suppress the traffic by prohibitory laws, usually by putting a prohibitory clause into the constitution of the State government, in order that Prohibition may not be repealed by an Act of the Legislature. The first method of treatment is the one in almost universal use throughout the world; the other has been tried only in a few States in this country.

It is not necessary to discuss the question of Prohibition *per se*, or even to go into an examination of its effects where it is in operation, for, under our system of government, which is a government of majorities, no constitution can be made or changed, or laws passed, which do not meet with the approval of a majority of the people, and if, by any means, legislative bodies brought to pass laws which do not meet with the approval of a majority of their constituents, the legislature is usually changed at the next election, and the obnoxious laws are repealed.

The Prohibitionists in this State have refused to co-operate

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with their fellow citizens in any system of temperance legislation for the restriction of the evils of intemperance, unless it provided for absolute Prohibition. Their numbers are very small, and the prospect of their securing a majority of the people to their views seems to be hopeless. In the election just passed, the Prohibition candidate for Governor polled almost exactly two per cent. of the entire vote of the State, and as the State government is the only one which has any control over the sale of liquor, it must be assumed that a very small proportion of our people are in favor of absolute Prohibition.

For certainly, nothing less than an absolute majority of the entire people of the State could hope to enact Prohibition legislation or to maintain it, and experience proves everywhere, that Prohibition cannot be maintained successfully, unless a very large majority are in favor of it. Where a *bare* majority are successful in forcing their views upon the community, the law is invariably violated and invaded, and usually much more harm comes from the sale of liquors under such conditions than in its open sale regulated by law.

As all people admit the great evil growing out of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and also the great additional cost to our Government, through the crime and pauperism created by it, the question arises, What ought an intelligent people to do in regard to it? If prohibition is impossible, and even of doubtful value if it could be adopted, what course remains open by which the evils of this system can be mitigated, crime lessened, and pauperism minimized? There seems to be a growing sentiment, not only in the State, but in the entire country, that high license, in the form of a strong law, carrying with it severe penalties for violation of the terms of the license, is at present the only feasible remedy, and the only way in which, under the present condition of public opinion, we can hope to secure any reformation. Time was when high license was merely a theory, for it had not been put into practice, but that time has passed. High license is no longer an experiment; it is no longer a theory; it is an accomplished fact.

In a large number of the States in the Union, high license laws have been in operation for from one to five years. Wherever they have been tried, they have produced many beneficial results. They have, in all cases, largely reduced the number of saloons, and especially those of the lower and vile order, where most of

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the crimes are committed. In some of the States, high license laws reduced the number of saloons about one-half. In some of the cities and States the reduction has been much larger. The reduction of the number of saloons has been followed, in almost all cases, by a corresponding reduction in the amount of crime committed in the community. This is verified by reference to the records of the courts, jails and prisons, which, in all cases, show a large falling off in the number of arrests and commitments. This is true in the city of Philadelphia where the high license law went into effect on the first of June of this year. The records of the city of Philadelphia show that the commitments for vice, growing out of drunkenness, for the four months of June, July, August and September, of the year 1887, before the high license law went into effect, were ten thousand nine hundred and fifty-six, and for the corresponding four months of the year 1888, when the law was in force, the number of commitments was six thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, showing a decrease in the four months, under the present law, of four thousand and twenty-seven. The records also show a decrease in the commitments to the House of Correction, for the same months as last mentioned, for the year 1887, two thousand and thirty-two; for the corresponding months of 1888, under the present law, one thousand three hundred and eighty-six, showing a decrease of six hundred and forty-six. The same records show that for the corresponding months of 1887, there were arrested for drunkenness on the Sundays of these months, five hundred and twenty-six persons; for the Sundays of the corresponding months of 1888, only one hundred and forty-six arrests were made for drunkenness.

These figures prove conclusively to my mind that the high license law in the city of Philadelphia is in every way beneficial to its people. The number of saloons before the law was passed was, in round numbers, six thousand; the number of saloons now in the city is a little less than one thousand three hundred. The reports from the whole State of Pennsylvania show substantially the same condition of affairs throughout the whole State. The benefits coming to the State of Pennsylvania under the operations of this law can only be estimated by the millions of dollars in actual saving to the people in the way of taxation for the support of paupers and criminals, and greater comforts and benefits that come to the homes of all of

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these men who have been saved from drunkenness and consequent arrest and incarceration.

Similar results are to be found in nearly all the States which have adopted the high license system. Everywhere the statistics prove that as the rate of license increases the number of saloons is diminished, and that as the number of saloons is diminished, crime is proportionately reduced, and therefore the people are proportionately benefited. In Omaha City, where the license fee is one thousand dollars, the number of the saloons is one to every four hundred and twenty-six of the population; in Kansas City, where the license fee is eight hundred and forty-five dollars, the number of saloons is one to every three hundred and nine of the population; in San Francisco, where the license fee is eighty-four dollars, the saloons are one to every eighty-four of the population; in Philadelphia, before the high license law was passed, the license fee was fifty dollars, and the saloons were one to every one hundred and forty-two of the people; in Baltimore, where the license fee is fifty dollars, the number of saloons is one to every one hundred and fifteen of the population. The reports from Minnesota state that the effect of the law has been to reduce the consumption of liquor in a proportion equal to or greater than the reduction in the number of saloons, and that the law has not only decreased saloons and drunkenness and increased the revenue of most of the counties, but it has tended to increase the purity of elections.

And this is a most important consideration in favor of the adoption of high license. Wherever it has been tried, it has taken the saloon out of politics; that is to say, it has destroyed the political power of the saloon, which, in many of our States, has become so great as to substantially control the majority of our municipal governments, and not unfrequently, to control the action of a political party in the entire State. The saloon keepers have thought it necessary to go into politics, in order that they might control the liquor excise boards, and thereby keep down the rate of the license fee. If the license fee is fixed, by general law, at a proper figure, it must then be accepted by all parties engaged in the traffic, and they will no longer have any occasion to exercise any undue influence in the local politics of the community in which they reside, and therefore, will not contribute money for the purpose of controlling elections, as they are doing at the

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present time. It is undoubtedly true that the liquor dealers of the State of New York pay more money, in the way of contributions for political purposes, than they would have to pay under a proper high license law.

No greater evil can come to any community, than to have its government, either local or State, fall under the control of any one class of its citizens, to the exclusion of all other classes, and this evil is aggravated when a class is engaged in a business where they are almost constantly violating the law, or at least, are constantly tempted to do so. The interest of the liquor dealer is always against that of the community, and, therefore, he constantly fears that laws or regulations may be made against his business and against his interests; hence, he seeks to obtain control of the political organization with which he may be affiliated. He makes himself influential in the primaries, influential in the nomination of the law officers, who are the persons to be charged with the enforcement of the laws again himself, and, as a result, if he is able to control the primaries and conventions, he expects immunity from the officers whom he shall aid to nominate and to elect.

The high license laws, now in operation in the various States, have taken the saloons, as a class, out of politics. The high rate of license fee which they pay renders them disinclined to contribute to the funds of any political party. They are much more careful not to violate the provisions of their license, because the pecuniary loss to them by its cancellation is much greater than before. They undertake to carry on their business in a more orderly way, so as to avoid the interference of the police or of the law officers. They feel assured that so long as they pay this increased rate and do not violate the provisions of their license, that they will not be interfered with by the officers of the government, and they are, consequently, not disposed to take any greater interest in politics than they would if they were engaged in any other business.

The evils growing out of organized political action by the liquor dealers of the country cannot be overestimated. Their places of business are convenient rendezvous for politicians of all classes, and much of the ordinary political work is carried on in the convenient saloon, the saloon keeper himself desiring it to be there, and giving conveniences for meetings of politicians, thereby increasing his own receipts. This evil, of course, is not entirely

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eradicated by a system of high license, but it is reduced to the minimum.

Another very important result growing out of high license is the increased receipts from the saloons, by which they are made to pay a much larger proportion of the cost to the people of crime and pauperism caused by the traffic. While the number of saloons is usually reduced fifty per cent., the receipts coming in to the local governments from that source are doubled, and sometimes quadrupled, depending upon the rate of the license fee. The cost to the people of crime and pauperism, which can be traced directly to the use of intoxicating liquors, is much larger than our people generally believe it to be. The direct charge upon the taxpayers of the State of New York for crime and pauperism in the State, was, in round numbers, twenty-five millions of dollars. Of this, eighteen millions is directly chargeable to the excessive use of intoxicating drinks. All the saloons of the State of New York paid last year, as license fees, a little over two millions of dollars, leaving a balance against them of nearly seventeen millions. This seventeen millions was levied as a tax upon all the taxable property of the State in various counties for the maintenance of our jails, poor houses, constables, police and the officers charged with the execution of our criminal laws. A proper high license law would treble the receipts from that source, and at the same time would greatly reduce the amount of crime and pauperism in the State, thereby reducing our taxation for the support of our criminals and paupers.

There are about thirty-four thousand saloons in the State of New York. If high license would reduce them one-half, seventeen thousand men would be compelled to find some productive employment. It would be a great source of profit to the State, and in addition to these seventeen thousand saloon keepers it would be fair to assume that at least one other man, or helper, is employed about the establishment. This would add seventeen thousand more able-bodied men who would be put at productive work. In addition to that, the number of drunkards would be greatly reduced and all these men would be returned to active and productive industries. In short, the benefits that would accrue to our people are only to be estimated by the tens of millions of dollars.

It is objected to our present license laws, that they are not

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enforced. Experience shows that in all the States where high license laws have been enacted the laws are well enforced, for each licensor becomes at once an assistant officer of the government to enforce the law. Having paid a high license fee, he cannot afford to have his neighbors sell without payment of a similar fee, and the reports from all the States and cities where the law is in effect prove conclusively that there is much less difficulty in enforcing a high license law than in enforcing the present, or low license law of this State.

A large reduction in the number of saloons, in the cities, by this system, enables the police authorities to keep the saloons under strict surveillance, and see that the provisions of their license are not violated.

A careful survey of the field of temperance legislature will, in my judgment, lead every candid person to the conclusion, that, at present, the only feasible temperance reform which gives promise of any considerable benefit to our people must be found in the direction of high license.

WARNER MILLER.

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THE "FAST SET" AT HARVARD.

THE title of this article is borrowed from a writer in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for November, who signs himself Aleck Quest. In this article Mr. Quest announces that he thinks it well "to give to the public a fair presentation of the facts as they are." From this I supposed that Mr. Quest intended to make such a gift to the public (since he thinks well of it); and I sat down prepared to read an account of my friends and myself which would be unflattering, no doubt, but difficult to disavow. I was surprised to see so little that I recognized in this picture, that far from being photographic, I failed to find it even a good caricature. But only we "fast men," who sat for the portrait, can know how little of a likeness it is. The public, grateful for Mr. Quest's gift to it, may be warned on a false alarm; and, for the sake of my college, I feel a desire, not so much to draw a picture as to criticise the one before me on general principles, which I hope most people will admit to be general principles, and show in that manner the falseness of the drawing.

In the position that he takes, Mr. Quest has the advantage of me. His article is written with a precision of statement, a fertility of statistics, a familiarity with the details of the life of the fast Harvard man which seem the result of a thorough experience of that life itself. An outsider, however observant he were, could hardly know so much. Yet Mr. Quest at the same time reveals himself as an undoubted moralist, deploring the present state of things, earnestly anxious that it should be otherwise. I cannot give so fair an account of myself, and must confess at once that I have no claim to be counted among the moralists. My lot was cast with the fast set, and I have never undergone a reform. I belonged to their societies and shared actively in their doings. To some of Mr.

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Quest's charges I plead guilty at the start. Those of us who had money to spend, spent it in ways that were often not the best ways. We were extravagant; at times riotous, like all young animals, from puppies up; and we were not particularly innocent by gaslight. But that we were the disgrace not only to our college but to our decency and manhood that Mr. Quest's "fast set" seems to have been and to be, I totally deny. My experience was not so terrible as was Mr. Quest's. Had it been, I should heartily agree with him that the rich young man at Harvard is a most evil blot on the college 'scutcheon. For the utter disparity between Mr. Quest's experience and mine I cannot at all account, yet we must have been at Harvard at very much the same period. He says there are upwards of two thousand men at Cambridge, and one "fast man" in every twenty of these. Adopting these figures, there must be only between twenty and thirty of the species during any one year. (I pass over a paragraph in which Mr. Quest counts them at a hundred without referring to his previous ratio, because I think between twenty and thirty is what my own experience has taught me.) That is not a large number to know about, yet I did not meet the men Mr. Quest met. I was one of the band for several years, and new men came, and old men went. Therefore I was furnished with a panorama on which could be painted much vice such as Mr. Quest pictures so vividly. But I say, I never witnessed anything that approached the violent and revolting hue of excess and dishonor that Mr. Quest has been so unfortunate as to see.

Before saying anything more directly about Harvard, I am going to venture some generalities upon colleges and college life (stale no doubt, but I must risk that), because if I can succeed in persuading any reader to agree with me, even partially, I shall have broken the way to clearing my college, in his eyes, of any reproach peculiar to itself apart from other colleges, and to showing him that the "fast set" at Harvard is, perhaps, not always the collection of jail-birds that it was when Mr. Quest moved among the students.

I start on the same line with Mr. Quest.

The larger any college grows, the more of the great world outside is it bound to contain. There is no sieve to separate the wheat from the tares. It becomes much like a city, between whose citizens no law can well discriminate so long as they keep

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their doings to themselves. Its community shares much of the good and the bad that you will find in any other gathering of men. The members may lack a certain discretion that comes by living, but they own a certain ingenuousness that living filches away from them only too often. Barring these, they are simply young men dwelling together as a class, instead of being filtered in with men of all ages. They are pursuing what is called their *education*. There is no use in stopping to define that word; for some fathers send their sons to college to learn many things out of both books and companions—to get in short a working equipment for intelligent citizenship, while other fathers send their sons to acquire some specialties, such as Greek, or social position. The college cannot tell what they have come for. All it can do is to make laws and punish those who break them. But why should any one be surprised to find that college law breakers go unpunished, when the same spectacle goes on under his eyes every day in the case of all other law-breakers? Does he expect the framers of college codes and the officers of college courts to be more perfect in administering justice than all other administrators? Why should they be? They are merely men, merely what the sheriff and the judge are anywhere else in the world.

Since the average of students is an average likely to lack the discretion spoken of above, some supervision of these young men's comings and goings is obviously necessary. But how much and of what sort this supervision shall be must be left an unanswered question. England locks up her undergraduate at midnight. Germany cares not if he visit the Holy Land or Mozambique. America adopts a middle course, with local variations. Well, what is the result? Do you find your young Englishman less of a sinner than his brother at Bonn or Heidelberg? And are we young Americans not so wicked as the young Teutons, but down in the moral scale when weighed against an Oxford man? I do not imagine that any one will contend the characteristics of the male human, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, differ according to the country in which he goes to school, except in trivial matters, of which there is no question here. I do not remember to have heard any traveler assert that in such and such a nation he had found angels more angelic, or devils more diabolic, than the angels and the devils of his home. It may be shortly said, that the great mass of young men of an active temperament

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will do some things that are not good for them. You may collect them in college, you may disperse them in a town, you may even sequester them in rural districts; but treat them as you will, you can, at most, place restraints on their conduct which they will elude more or less successfully, and the day will come when these restraints must go. When they go, you have not tided over a dangerous period which has its definite limit; you have only impeded and retarded certain tendencies which are bound to assert themselves sooner or later. That is the kind of animal the young man is. You cannot prevent him from being like himself. He has been so since his earliest existence in the history of the human race. So let it be admitted that the young man is commonly not what may be called perfectly *good* in a religious sense, and that he has never been made so and kept so yet by any system his elders have been able to devise. When you come to discuss colleges it is futile to disguise this truth. Such fundamental facts must be acknowledged before it is possible to speak reasonably about college life.

Now, a college is a collection of young men of many different characters and tastes, yet the most of these young men closely resemble one another in certain radical ways. But when one finishes reading Mr. Quest, somehow for the moment it seems, granting he is correct, that Harvard students cannot be like other students, and that after such revelations a parent would be criminally unwise to trust his boy in such a place. What a burden of sin must the Harvard Faculty have on their heads! for, of course, it is this neglect of supervision that has caused such a state of things.

To deal with the moral side of young men becomes a question of how best a faculty may curb and direct the inevitable turbulence over which it presides. Harvard is accused of insufficient curbing and directing, hence the blackness of its undergraduate life as compared with that of other American colleges. First, assuming this alleged discrepancy to be true, I will point out to the reader (returning to what I said about law-breakers) that you will find more unpunished law-breakers in a community of fifty thousand than you will in one of two thousand. But I do not for one moment admit that Harvard undergraduates are blacker than other undergraduates.

Harvard is a bigger place than Yale, or Princeton, or Trinity.

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Boston is a bigger place than New Haven, Trenton, or Hartford. But does any one think that therefore there is not the same sort of market for young purses to be found in these smaller towns? and is it to be reasonably imagined that any restraint short of imprisonment stops the young purses from making purchases? Trinity is Episcopalian; Princeton, Presbyterian; Yale, Congregationalist; while Harvard is of no sect. But I have yet to find that form of dogma or strictness of parental supervision materially vary the conduct of the undergraduates at those places. To make the students *good* in the religious sense is what colleges of a more paternal government undertake and fail to do; and what Harvard is blamed for not doing. I assert that the experiment fails wherever it is attempted; and I assert it because when I have intimately met "fast" students from Trinity, Princeton, Yale, or Columbia, I found that they took pleasure in eating the same forbidden fruits that tempted our palates in Boston. We did not differ a jot in our notions of enjoyment. To finish these generalties, I will say, that let a college life be a good thing on the whole or a bad thing on the whole, you find the young man who stays away from one as a rule not a whit more innocent by gas light than the average undergraduate. It is not Harvard or Yale, but Nature, that is the matter with him.

If I displease any parent who may read this, it is because I have told what is (I believe) the truth about all college communities, and, indeed, all communities of young men wherever they are gathered together. And, since I believe it to be irresistible as any natural law, I do not stop to wish it could be otherwise, particularly as I notice so vast a majority of these wild and shocking spirits grow up to be good husbands and good members of society—like their fathers.

But to return to Mr. Quest and his "fast set."

We answered his description in some respects. Most of us were well off; some, indeed, had incomes much greater than any that he names. Many of us had too much money to spend, therefore, and were idle in consequence—though those of us who failed to get their degrees were few and far between. We played poker, we frequented the comic operas, some of us imagined ourselves experienced judges of wine, we were not always sober, and we were to be seen and heard where Mr. Quest has so minutely located us. I am not writing for maidens and boys.

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I am discussing permanent facts, and in so doing make a pretty large admission of shortcomings. But, self-confessed, I am not at all afraid of a jury of my peers. Will many men in the world, whether they live in a palace or in a tenement house, sincerely feel that my disclosures have shocked their ideas of human nature?

But from reading Mr. Quest's article through there seems to be a stain left on one's mind—a stain of vulgarity, debauchery, and dishonesty. I am truly sorry that Mr. Quest has been condemned to observe such evil company, and I cannot understand how he managed it. In truth, I would ask my contemporaries at Harvard if any of them, be they poor, rich, prominent, or recluse, knew of a set of twenty or thirty such low-minded and childish cowards, the contemplation of whom Mr. Quest was compelled to endure. I am not afraid of their answers. I would trust to say "No" even the jealous and disappointed men who looked on us sourly because we seemed to them more blest than we deserved. Did they find us every night (such is the implication of Mr. Quest) emerging from society rooms, let loose "to the utter dismay of the neighbors"? Were we continually before the police on charges to meet of which "most young men would be ashamed"? Friends of mine have been arrested for fast driving, noise, breaking lamp-posts, and stealing signs. I don't know that this was very creditable. They had much better have left the lamp-posts and the signs alone. But are these the charges most young men would be ashamed to meet? Such a dark hint as that inevitably fills the uninformed reader's mind with surmises that begin far beyond where the worst of those offences leaves off. Disgraceful things have happened at Harvard. Mr. Quest instances a few, but where is the candid Harvard man, or Cambridge policeman for that matter, who would pretend they were the ordinary every-day thing? But that such is the case is what Mr. Quest's way of putting things inevitably leads the reader to conclude. The society Mr. Quest censures does not commit these offences each night, though, as I said, one would suppose so from the article. That society meets once a week during a part of the autumn, has two meetings in the spring, and gives three theatrical entertainments during the year. It has been complained of. The stock argument in its favor is that the students who are going to drink too much and cannot be prevented, had better do

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it off by themselves, and not in public bar rooms. There are many answers to such an argument, but this article is not the place for a discussion. But let not the reader imagine that Harvard is alone in having this society and similar ones in her midst. They abound in nine-tenths of our American colleges.

Did our class-mates think that most of us cheated at cards? For after cataloguing our other vices somewhat over generously, Mr. Quest finds that we are widely open to this accusation, and that we come near to acknowledging its truth with indifference if not with satisfaction. Mr. Quest has one paragraph which is laughable in the ferocity of its exaggeration. There must be, if he is to be credited, several hundred gamblers in the Harvard community of two thousand odd, one-half of whom are so accomplished at cheating that a gambling hell in Boston is a safer place to risk one's money in. I am tempted to leave such a statement to be its own refutation. Nevertheless, I will say that in my experience I remember not six cases of cheating at cards. Of course, there were more that I did not hear of. Of course in a community of more than two thousand men from all over the country, one must expect to find examples of the liar and the thief. But if we accept Mr. Quest's estimate, Cambridge contains a population numerically worse and more dangerous than most of the Western mining settlements. The few men that were accused of cheating that I know of personally, have never recovered from the blow it gave to their reputation. I have assisted at many games of poker at Harvard, and I have often seen foolish men lose more than they could afford. But I do not call to mind any "ghastly faces," and I did not hear many "curses loud and deep at ill luck." A man who cursed so much as all that during a game would have been a nuisance, and no one would have played with him.

But these are paltry details. I did not begin this reply to Mr. Quest with the view of contradicting him in the items of his facts. No doubt he has seen more of this horrible life than I have, and no doubt my tamer notion of Harvard extravagances is merely a result of my own individual experience. But then, that is all that Mr. Quest's can be. So here you have two accounts; one by a moralist, the other by a self-confessed offender. I greatly fear the moralist has the advantage over me with the multitude, for to the multitude sensation is so pleasant an enjoy-

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ment. They will find the grisly games of chance, the ocean of I. O. U's in which Harvard is weltering, the ghastly faces, the enraged police, and the dismayed neighbors, of an interest more pungent than my paler effects. Mr. Quest is fortunate in being able to give to the public a fair presentation of the "facts as they are," and yet produce a composition which contains all the romantic splendor of the dime novel. That I fall so far below him I cannot help. I saw nothing of this, and I am trying to tell what I did see during my several years of life with the fast set.

The truth of the matter really is that Mr. Quest has not described a class or body of men that exists at Harvard at all. He has described a *type of man*, an individual, whose twin brother I have seen hailing from Yale, Princeton and many other institutions of learning. We at Harvard are familiar with him. I have seen several specimens in my time. He becomes pretty well known and pretty generally thought ill of by the end of his first year. He seldom finishes his course. Either he is requested to leave or he leaves of his own accord, disappointed in his social ambitions, and so reft of the goal he came to win. He is, of course, rich, and is sometimes generous. His fatal mistake is in thinking that money will do the trick for him. He is the cause of much of the wrath that descends upon Harvard from the popular press, whose writers take no note of the scores of young Harvard graduates who are at this moment working hard and successfully in responsible positions all over the United States. Many of these same workers belonged to the fast set. Were it permissible I could name them. Could outsiders only realize how utterly money is left out of all questions of undergraduate success at Harvard, and how many men of most modest income reach the highest social honors their friends can give them, heartily supported by the fast set; could outsiders hear the continual and prevailing ridicule that is heaped on such men as Mr. Quest has so painfully described,—they would get a different notion about Harvard.

Though Mr. Quest once or twice points out that he is describing only a small set, you are left with the impression that Harvard college is alive with such vermin. But Mr. Quest has not even described a set.

We are glad we are rich; we would rather be so than not.

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We are no better in our lives than other men of our age have been or will be, and we are no worse. Undoubtedly we do not get as much out of our books as we should. But I ask the reader who cares to know something about Harvard men to pause awhile before he makes up his mind, and to consider the Harvard men whom he knows, who are working steadily away in the towns of the east and west; or those Harvard men from 1860 to 1865 (many of them straight from the fast set) who, by their lives and deaths, set a halo about the venerable head of their mother college that she will wear always; and then let the reader ask himself if it is probable as a scientific fact that the present generation has in twenty-five years sped on so rapidly from that high pinnacle of courage and honor to a decadence which places it at once (if we are to believe Mr. Quest) among the criminal classes.

ONE OF THE FAST SET.

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WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

In answering this question it is proper that the term Spiritualist should be first defined, or at least that the writer should state the sense in which he is willing to accept it as applicable to himself. It is well known by such as have taken the trouble to inform themselves in the matter, that there are spiritualists *and* spiritualists. There are, doubtless, numbers who assume this designation, or to whom it is popularly applied, with whom the undersigned has very little in common, and has no desire to be classed. In some quarters the term Spiritualist is regarded as almost synonymous with open-mouthed credulity, wild fanaticism, general looseness of morals, scoffing irreligion, and measureless folly. Without attempting to deny that some occasion has been given by persons called or calling themselves Spiritualists, for such an estimate, I shall endeavor to show that the term more properly applies to persons who hold convictions and cherish aspirations of which no rational, pure-minded or devout man need be ashamed, but which are worthy the serious regard of all thoughtful people.

It should be noted that, in being thus subject to diverse conceptions and interpretations, modern spiritualism is by no means peculiar. There is no form of belief, no system of religious faith, or of rationalistic philosophy even, extant among men, but has its lower as well as its higher interpretations—its unworthy as well as its worthy representatives. Christianity is surely no exception to this rule. The crude notions and practices prevalent among the more uncultivated of its professors differ widely from the convictions and observances approved in the most intelligent and refined churches in Christendom. And often members of the same sect or church are found greatly at variance in their conceptions and expositions of Christianity, as well as in their practical exemplifications of the same. Fair-minded inquirers will judge any systems by its best, rather than its worst, expositions.

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A Spiritualist, formerly, was one who believed in the doctrine of spiritualism ; that is, in any system of spiritual philosophy, as opposed to Materialism—like those of Berkeley and Fichte, chiefly speculative in character. But more modernly the term has come to signify also, according to Worcester, "a believer in the doctrine that the spirits of the dead hold communication with men;" or, according to Webster, "one who believes in direct intercourse with departed spirits." Neither of these latter definitions, however, is strictly accurate, since, if it be true that spirits communicate, it is manifest that they are neither "dead" nor "departed" from our world. It would he more exact to say, "One who believes, or knows, that communication with excarnated spirits is possible and actual." This necessarily includes several postulates, namely, (1) that man is in reality a spirit, or a spiritual being ; (2) that he is capable, as a spirit, of surviving the death of his physical body, and (3) of living on as a conscious entity, (4) in a world or state which, though invisible, is not far removed from our mundane existence.

Thus it will be seen that, as the term is modernly used, Spiritualism involves simply a question of fact, provable by sensible and rational evidence, like the facts of astronomy, of chemistry, or of telegraphy ; and a Spiritualist in this sense is one who has become convinced of this fact, aside from and independent of religious belief, theological dogmas, or moral codes of any description. It is true, however, that the subject is so closely related to both religion and morals that a conviction of this one basic fact, with the new knowledge and fresh influx of thought that are apt to come with it, is likely to result in some modification—at least, expansion—of previous religious conceptions, and perhaps ethical notions also, depending much upon the nature of the views antecedently entertained. And it is somewhat common for undiscriminating minds, even among avowed Spiritualists as well as their opponents, to regard as essential parts of Spiritualism the particular theories or views *they* as individuals have come to entertain, whether religious or anti-religious, theistical or atheistical, rational or irrational, refined and spiritual, or crude and gross. Opponents are specially liable to make this mistake, particularly as regards anything which appears to them objectionable and offensive. But candid inquirers who may read these pages will please note that to be a Spiritualist, in the authorized modern

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sense of the term, means no more than merely to be a believer in the reality of communion with the so-called "dead," or more correctly, with excarnated human beings. It does not necessarily imply adhesion to what some one has rightly termed "that compound of atheism, agnosticism, irreligion and blatant individualism" (to which might sometimes be added sensualism) which is frequently, but erroneously, called "spiritualism." Beyond the simple fact of recognized spirit-communion, all theories of religion, all doctrines of theology,—all questions about the existence of God, the Devil, Christ, the Bible, creation, salvation, atonement, reincarnation, the condition and destiny of spirits, etc., and all debatable questions in morals,—are matters of distinct or after inquiry, regarding which Spiritualists are no more fully at one than are other people. Each independent thinker has his own opinions, depending much upon his previous status, his capability for dealing with such subjects, as well as his predilections and the consequent grade or department of the vast environing spirit-world with which he is most closely in rapport.

It should be added, however, on this point that since the word *spiritual*, in its ordinary significance, designates "that which pertains to spirit," "separated from things of sense," refined, "pure, holy, divine," etc. (see lexicographers), it is plainly incongruous and improper to apply it to any notions or practices of a gross, unspiritual, or sensualistic character. Mere believers in spirits, and their doings, who are chiefly engrossed with marvels and eager for startling novelties, or who mainly occupy themselves with the phenomenal and scientific aspects of the matter, irrespective of and indifferent to any morally refining and uplifting tendency it may contribute—of both which classes there may be large numbers—are more properly designated as *Spiritists*, and their belief and practice *Spiritism*. They and it lack the element designated by the particle *ual*.

The term *Spiritualist*, then, properly pertains only to such persons as, in addition to a recognition of spirit-existence, presence, and communion, hold to doctrines of an elevating, refining, spiritualizing tendency, and aspire to exemplify these in thought and life, seeking to make spirit-communion contribute to that high end. Such aspiration establishes a tendency to look beneath the surfaces of things—to inquire into causes, hidden meanings, and realities—to interpret all systems of religion,

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philosophy, and morals according to the *spirit* rather than the *letter*, and to view the universe from the standpoint of the spirit instead of that of matter.

In the comprehensive sense thus defined, I avow myself a Spiritualist, and now am prepared to state intelligibly and explicitly why I am one:

1. It is because for more than thirty-five years I have enjoyed the privilege of conversing, more or less freely and frequently, and in the privacy of my own family, with beings (invisible to myself) claiming to be excarnated human spirits—many of them relatives and personal friends well known in their earthly lives—and who have given conclusive evidence of being what they claim to be.

2. Because, through this intercourse and the demonstrations and experiences that have accompanied it, I have been led to entertain conceptions of the universe,—material and spiritual,—of Deity and the Divine Providence,—of the spirit-world and its relations to this,—of man, his duty and destiny,—in fact, of all which is embraced in the domains of Religion, Philosophy and Ethics,—which are to my view not only eminently rational, but expanding, uplifting, spiritualizing and soul-satisfying beyond anything and everything I have been able to gain from any and all other sources.

In order to justify the first branch of this answer, it is necessary to make some statement of the facts or evidences which have proved to me the reality of spirit intercourse; but in the brief space at my disposal no extended recital of what has covered so many years can be attempted. Nor, perhaps, would it be of much use, since it is not possible to convey in cold print, to readers who are inexperienced and skeptical in such matters, any adequate idea of the force of evidence, whether of distinct personality or of personal identity, which attends a free conversation and interchange of thought between friends. No outside person can be a competent judge in such matters. Let it be noted that I am stating why *I* am a Spiritualist—not giving proofs that should make others such. It is desirable that, in so important a matter, all persons should witness and know for themselves, and then their faith will stand on no uncertain ground. I am confident that no sane mind, meeting with similar proofs, or even a tithe of them, could avoid the same conclusions with myself; yet my convictions should not answer for another.

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But it may not be out of place to briefly mention some of the steps by which my present convictions were arrived at, with indications of the nature of the evidence on which they rest, and the quality of the "angelic ministrations" enjoyed.

I was born and reared under the influence of New England Puritanism of the most rigid type, as it prevailed three-score years ago, and at an early age accepted the faith of my fathers in a general way, becoming a member of an orthodox Congregationalist Church, and actively devoting myself to the work of the Church. My mind was so constituted, however, that I could accept no dogma or duty until I could see what appeared to me a rational basis for it. The creed of the particular Church with which I united happened to be, as I afterwards found, of an unusually liberal type, having been greatly modified from the old standards under the influence of a pastor more noted for practical good sense than for sectarian zeal, and I was not long in finding that I held many of the doctrines of the sect in a sense peculiar to myself, while others I was either unable to accept at all, or gradually repudiated.

As to belief in a future life, this had been taken for granted, mainly on the force of early education and as a part of the current Christian doctrine; but as I grew older and came in contact with intelligent people who were skeptical regarding existence after death, I often wondered at the paucity of positive evidence on the subject, though I do not remember to have seriously doubted it for myself. But it seemed to me that if all human beings who have lived actually continue to live as conscious beings, there ought to be some available proof of it in addition to the evidence found in the Bible records more than eighteen hundred years old. If spirits and angels could once visit earth, why should they not now? Consequently, all accounts which came in my way of supposed manifestations from the invisible world, or of visions of it or its inhabitants at the approach of death, etc., were read and pondered with eager interest. But few such accounts fell in my way, and none were very satisfactory, especially in view of the prevalent skepticism with which all such matters were regarded in the Church as in "the world." I then knew next to nothing of the mass of evidence bearing on this subject which has accumulated through all history, and in all nations which have a literature, but which has been discredited and

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largely suppressed by the materialistic tendencies of modern times.

When, in 1848, the startling announcement went abroad that, at Hydesville and Rochester, N. Y., an invisible intelligence, claiming to be a human spirit, had found means of communicating by signals from the silent world, the statement caused a thrill of hope that it might prove true; but when I learned that the revelations made regarding the nature and conditions of the after-life did not accord with the notions I had been taught, I naturally concluded that the mysterious "rapper," if a spirit at all, must be an "evil and seducing" one.

Some months later the strange "rappings" broke out in Boston, where I then resided. An intelligent gentleman, with whom I was associated in employment, and whom I highly esteemed, informed me that they were occurring in the family of one of his neighbors, the "mediums" being a woman in humble station, but of simple and honest character, with her young daughter. Day after day my friend brought me statements of what he witnessed and messages which he received in interviews with this family; and I soon saw that he was not only becoming thoroughly convinced of the spirit origin of the phenomena and messages, but, to my dismay, was being, as I feared, dangerously misled as to religious opinions. I felt that in some way he must be the victim of a delusion, but saw that the only way to rescue him was to go with him, find out the trick, and expose it to himself. Accordingly I accepted his invitation to accompany him to an interview.

Suffice it to say, that I soon found my friend had strong reasons for his belief in the spirit-origin of these novel phenomena, and, instead of being able to rescue him from a shallow delusion, I was myself face to face with a problem which demanded intelligent and courageous solution. There was evident intelligence behind the mysterious raps, and I had at least one proof that it was not altogether evil disposed.

But opportunities to personally pursue the inquiry under favorable circumstances were then few, and I was in no haste. Reading and pondering everything which came in my way relating to the matter, in the light of my previous education, the theory that "evil and seducing spirits" were seeking through this novel method to mislead humanity, seemed the most probable explanation. But I was not wholly satisfied with this solution.

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Might not my ideas of the conditions of supposed "departed" spirits be mistaken? All I had been able to learn on the subject from the Bible and from my religious teachers was confessedly vague and unsatisfactory. Some of the new views presented seemed at least rational and worthy to be true. I could not come to a decision without further knowledge.

At length opportunity offered to visit the well-known Mrs. Hayden, in whose presence the demonstrations were much more pronounced. She was an entire stranger to me, but her personal integrity was strongly vouched for by friends. At her table, taking every precaution against imposition, I was greeted by an intelligence claiming to be my father (then twenty years deceased), who stated several particulars regarding himself, which were known to me, and one, as to the cause of his death, which was unknown (but which I subsequently learned was doubtless correct). Till then I had held a sort of vague notion that any facts communicated in this way might be in some way picked out of one's mind, perhaps by clairvoyance or mind-reading on the medium's part, or by crafty invisible beings, and by some occult process told by the "raps." But this theory would no longer serve.

The sounds then indicated an urgent desire to communicate further to me, and using the alphabet and pencil in the customary way, I was astonished to see a spontaneous message grow letter by letter on the paper before me, not only glowing with parental affection, but breathing an exalted religious tone, and which seemed eminently characteristic and worthy of my father, from whom it claimed to come. It differed from anything I had before seen or heard of from this source, the communications usually being meagre answers to questions, or of a frivolous and sometimes offensively irreligious character.

Why should I not accept this message as from my revered parent? The proof of extra-mundane intelligence, in this as in other cases, seemed incontestible. Yet the possibility and danger of being deceived by crafty and designing beings—or by a being "of fathomless intellect and fathomless guile," as a prominent clerical writer had phrased it—had been so strongly impressed on my mind that I hesitated long. It was urged that "Satan himself can be seemingly transformed into an angel of light." But why, I thought, should "evil and seducing spirits" alone be allowed access to humanity, while loving parents, friends, and holy

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beings are shut away? It seemed incredible that it should be so. The same Bible which warned against deceivers taught also that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," and that "ministering spirits" are "sent forth to minister to them which shall be heirs of salvation"; and it enjoined that we "try the spirits whether they be of God," plainly implying that the latter class may approach us, and that it is within our power and province to distinguish between the two classes, to guard against the machinations of the evil, and to avail ourselves of the ministrations of the good. It also enjoined us to be "not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Instead, then, of cowardly shrinking from any contact with these denizens of the invisible world, or from any inquiry regarding them, as I found my fellow-Christians generally disposed to do, it seemed plainly my duty to qualify myself to discriminate between them, and, clad in the panoply of conscious rectitude, guided by supreme love of truth and purity of aspiration, boldly to meet these messengers claiming audience from the invisible realm, test their quality and purposes, and avail myself of any good they might peradventure bring. And it seemed just, also, that the test applied to determine their character should not be merely avowed belief in doctrines popularly esteemed "othodox" —since it is easy for deceivers to profess any belief—but rather, practical *fruits*, and the obvious tendencies of their influence and teachings.

It was not long after determining on the duty of hospitality to these visitors from the unseen shore, that their presence began to be manifested in my own home, through the instrumentality of a member of my own family, and in hours of quiet seclusion. They made their presence known in various but unmistakable ways. One notable early occurrence was as follows: In consequence of a severe and painful illness, my companion was at one time brought, as it seemed, very near to death's door. One evening, on my leaving her to get a little rest, she bade me adieu, hardly expecting to survive the night. Soon afterwards she felt herself leaving the body and soaring above it, gazing back upon it as it lay upon the couch; then she was seemingly wafted upward, passing through what appeared to be an atmosphere of undulating music, and was ushered through an illuminated portal into a vast

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amphitheatre, in which were assembled what seemed "an innumerable company of angels," who broke forth into a chant of greeting. Among these she was soon recognized and greeted by relatives and friends who had "gone before"—her own father, bringing a tiny babe she had lost some years previously, being among the number. One was brought to her and introduced as my father, whom she had never seen in this life, and she was able to give me afterwards a singularly correct description of his person as she saw him. During the interview which followed, and which may have lasted some hours—as the nurse fell asleep, and there was no one to take note of time—she witnessed and was told many things of great interest and instruction, tending to solve problems which had long perplexed her own mind and mine, but which cannot be here recounted. At length she was apprised that she must return to her body, but was very reluctant to do so, as she seemed happily escaped from all the ills and sufferings of earth. She was reminded that there were important duties remaining for her to perform on earth, and when these were accomplished this heavenly home would await her. The thought of her family and her infant babe reconciled her to a return, and she seemed to pass back over the same route by which she had ascended. She found herself again in the body, but, to her surprise and delight, *the pain and disease had wholly disappeared,* and she quickly regained her wonted strength and health. But the power of passing into the spiritual state (that is, the state of quickened or opened spiritual perceptions, in which spirit-beings are seen and heard) has remained ever since, and can be exercised partially at will, provided no untoward influence interferes.

That this experience was no ordinary purposeless dream no argument is needed to show, and that the spirit sight and hearing, or clairvoyance and clairaudience, which have followed are not an abnormal or diseased action of the faculties, as some may suppose,—although first coming into activity as a result of severe suffering,—is evidenced by the fact that a good degree of health is found requisite for their exercise,—the best health for their best use. Years of experience have tested their reality and taught something of the laws of their exercise.

To complete my narrative: The spirit claiming to be my father afterwards manifested great persistency in efforts to satisfy all my doubts regarding his personality. Gradually he, and apparently

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others, acquired power to control (on permission) my companion's hand to write without volition on her part; also to control her vocal organs, to speak and converse—she retaining complete consciousness the while, and aware that the writing and the speech were not hers but from another person who was ordinarily seen and recognized by her on approach. Such was my skepticism, however, that months elapsed before accumulating evidence compelled me to confess my full satisfaction. When, at length, I conceded my doubts removed, my father, addressing me through the vocal organs of my wife, used substantially the following impressive language:

"My son, I have been thus persistent in my endeavors to satisfy you of my identity, for an important purpose. It has not been to gratify curiosity, or to astonish you with marvels, but to bring you valuable instruction. When I was in the body, I taught you the lessons of religion and of rectitude, to the best of my knowledge. But after entering the world of spirits I soon became aware that I was mistaken in regard to many things. Clearer light has dawned upon me, and I have been anxious to impart it to you and my other children. I have constantly exercised a guardian care over you, and have found your mind susceptible to my influence to a greater degree than are the others. I have guided you in many things, unconsciously to yourself; and now that you recognize my presence, I can approach you more nearly and aid you more effectively," etc.

He then invited me to come to him freely with questions and doubts, as I would if he were in the body, and he would do his best to help to a solution. Naturally, a very free intercourse followed, as opportunities presented, and much that was new, interesting, and seemingly valuable, was obtained. Ere long, however, on my applying to him for light on some difficult problem which had arisen in my mind, he surprised me by saying:

"Let me advise you, my son, when you want wisdom on any important matter, to apply to the Great Fount of Wisdom and leave Him to send it by whomsoever He will. You have been accustomed to call upon me, and by so doing you establish a mental rapport with me which shuts out others. Now, there are hosts in this sphere who are vastly wiser than I am, in comparison with whom I am but a child in attainments. It is better not to call upon *persons,* but to open your mind in pure aspiration to

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the Infinite, and the answer will be sent through the channel best adapted to minister to you."

This advice seemed so eminently wise and proper that it has been substantially acted upon ever since, and the results have been most satisfying. Rarely are individual spirits called upon for any purpose (even though the less advanced often request that it be done), but seldom an opportunity of suitable quiet and seclusion occurs that some one or more of these celestial visitants do not make their presence know and impart some message of interest, affection, or instruction—some gift of spiritual illumination, or some accession of physical vigor and health according to the needs and exigencies of the hour.

The opening of the spiritual senses spoken of (clairvoyance and clairaudience) has been attended by the development of an acute perception, or power to distinguish the auras or atmospheres of different persons—spirits as well as mortals—thus giving an instant and intimate knowledge of their real qualities and characters (psychometry). This appears to be a sufficient safeground against the approach or subtle influence of the evil-disposed, or of deceivers professing to be what they are not. The visitors referred to are not always seen, the clairvoyant power not being at all times in activity; but they are always *felt*, and thus their quality is known. Old friends and acquaintances, of course, are readily recognized, and are often among our visitors; sometimes strangers give their names, and occasionally some sketch of their earthly history, if asked, and many an interesting surprise has been enjoyed this way; but more commonly no name is mentioned, or it will be witheld if asked for—the messenger claiming that his duty is strictly impersonal and official—that he comes in obedience to an authority beyond himself, and that his message must bear its own credentials.

The subject matter of these messages and conversations has been infinitely varied, and any adequate presentation of them would require volumes. Our attendants seem to have an intimate knowledge of all our concerns, and of even our thoughts; they manifest a kindly and vigilant interest in our physical health, often suggesting means for its preservation, or remedies for its restoration if impaired, and frequently impart a direct healing force, of conscious, immediate benefit. They have taught us the reality of the "gift of healing" as anciently practiced, explained

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its *rationale,* and instructed in its successful exercise in numerous instances. They have warned against impending dangers—on one occasion saving our lives by preventing our taking passage in a steamboat on which a fearful disaster occurred—the occupants of the stateroom we had engaged (but did not occupy) being scalded to death. They sometimes volunteer valuable advice regarding material interests—though for reasons which cannot be fully explained here, we deem it neither wise nor safe to ask or depend upon the advice of spirits in matters not pertaining to their proper sphere, but counsel *volunteered* from an obviously well disposed and intelligent source may be worth heeding. They have not, indeed, saved us from *all* the ills and trials of life, and probably it is not best they should do so, since the discipline of suffering is doubtless an important part of life's purpose. But their ministrations have illumined even the darkest experiences with the light of hope and trust in the eternal goodness, whose unfailing care is convincingly exemplified in and made rationally credible by these angelic ministrations.

But the chief sphere of their service to us has been the moral, religious and spiritual in the best sense of the latter word. They have seemed most earnest to promote personal improvement, roundness of character, the overcoming of all faults and the stimulation of all that is noblest and best, and to urge the application in human society of those higher principles of action—justice and brotherhood—which alone will redeem our world from its abounding evils and bring "the kingdom of heaven" on earth. Especially have they illustrated the nature and value of "inspiration," as well as other "spiritual gifts" of primitive times. But this interesting branch of the subject cannot be here enlarged upon. It must suffice to say that our celestial teachers have not led us to repudiate (as some so-called spiritualists seem inclined to do) all religion, nor even that form of it known as Christianity; but rather have aided us to attain a far higher sense of what religion is in its essence—to see what is valuable and permanent in *all* religions—and to recognize far deeper meanings in the words and life of the Christ of Judea than the Church has ever exemplified—meanings which the scorning world is sure to miss.

I had hoped to give from my note-book some specimens of the simple and practical, sweet and hallowed lessons given from day to day from this source, but space will not permit. Nor can I

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more than allude to the general philosophy of life and of the universe which these teachers have opened to us—eminently rational as well as truly spiritual. I will only say that they never attempt to dominate or control, but respect one's mental and moral freedom to the fullest extent; they suggest, stimulate inquiry, seek to instruct, to enlighten, to uplift.

In all these manifestations and ministrations from the supernal world there is nothing "supernatural" in any objectionable sense of the word. Natural (from *natus*) means *that which is born*. If man is really a spiritual being, he is born so, and in in process of time he is born out of the cumbrous flesh into a more spiritual state of existence. Then, if *love* forms any part of his spiritual constitution, he will naturally and necessarily feel an interest in and care for those who are left behind, still "struggling in the mire of earth," and will seek to serve them if he can. Angelic ministration, then, is *higher*-natural, not *un*-natural; and instead of being a thing intrinsically improbable and incredible, to be disputed and antagonized to the last extent—("spirits are the last thing that I will give in to," are the words of a distinguished *savant*)—is a thing most natural, reasonable and to be expected in a universe where LOVE has any part—where God, who is love, reigns.

If any imagine that it detracts from the regard due to the Supreme Being to recognize the agency of intermediate beings as ministers of wisdom and of good to us, they should remember that it is *the good*, or *the God in them*, which alone prompts them to this kindly service. The infinite spirit of good surely dwells in all loyal beings, and it is by and through their personal agency that He is everywhere present "to will and to do." This affords a rational and intelligible—I think the *only* rational and intelligible—conception of the Divine omnipresence and providence.

While my convictions have been formed mainly on the basis of facts of the class described, occurring in the quiet of my own family, and through the instrumentality of one who has never acted for pay (and thus has no motive for deception, even supposing deception possible, which is not conceded), I am also familiar with phenomena of various other classes, produced through numerous other instruments, probably equally trustworthy, which afford abundant corroboration to the same general truth. Of course, I am not unacquainted with the various theories,

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often learned and highly ingenious, advanced by "scientific" men, and men not scientific, to account for and explain away these facts on different grounds. I have made it a point through all these eventful years to carefully note and consider everything of importance that has been put forth against the view which has been forced upon me; but am obliged to say, conscious of the full meaning of my words, that no "explanation" which has been offered—no theory of "automatic or unconscious cerebration," of "diseased or abnormal action of the brain," of "separate activity of the cerebral hemispheres," of "hypnotic hallucination," "self-delusion," or what not, as urged on the one hand; or of "masquerading and deceiving spirits," "demons," "astrals," "shells," etc., as set forth by others—at all meets the case. However astute or pretentious these expositions, or however plausible the case they have made out, a single interview with one of these celestial visitors, under favorable circumstances, has sufficed to brush aside the flimsy reasonings and give to the winds any doubts they may have raised. To question the distinct and excarnate personality of these intelligences is intellectually impossible, while to repel them indiscriminately as deceivers and ministers of evil or semi-conscious "elimentaries," would be to do violence to the moral nature—in fact, to "blaspheme against the Holy Ghost."

Nevertheless, the fact is not to be disguised, because established by abundant experience, that unwise and promiscuous dealings with the unseen world are full of danger. Frivolity, insincerity, or any sinister, mercenary, or selfish purpose, invites, by the very law of spiritual affinity, the presence of beings of a corresponding quality, with whom any familiarity is unprofitable, and liable to prove perilous. Spirit communion should be sought only for the highest and worthiest ends—only in the earnest love of truth and good for their own sake. But this fruitful theme cannot here be dwelt upon. A word to the wise is sufficient.

To conclude, it will be seen from the foregoing that I am a spiritualist perforce of proofs personal to myself, so strong that were there no other of like belief in the world I should still be compelled to be one. But the fact that millions of other persons, in all parts of the civilized world, including in their number some of the brightest intellects and acutest men of science the age has produced, have, within a few years, been brought to substantially

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the same conviction by similar proofs, independently witnessed, does not weaken my assurance.

Nor does the fact that a body of professional scientific men and experts acting under the auspices of a respectable University in our country—some of them eminent in special departments of investigation—have, after a few ill-conducted attempts at experiment with certain professional mediums—attempt notable chiefly for *what did not occur*—gravely announced that they have discovered nothing but evidence of trickery and fraud, have any appreciable weight in the case. Even were all the professional mediums in the world proven to be unconscionable tricksters—which seems hardly more provable than that all other professionals are equally untrustworthy—such a fact would have no bearing upon the convictions herein set forth.

A. E. NEWTON.

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LORD BEACONSFIELD AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

UPON a massive granite base, and facing the Parliament House, stands the lofty statue of Lord Beaconsfield.

The figure is of bronze, in the full state robes of a Peer, so draped as to uncover the left leg and reveal the garter—insignia of the most coveted order in Europe.

If such a thing be possible, we may well believe that the spirit of the dead statesman inspired the artist to make the statue as it is.

The pose of the head and the peculiar bend of the neck is true to life, as he appeared beside Her Majesty, holding the sword of state, in that memorable pageant when the Queen opened the Parliament in person, on the 8th day of February, 1877.

Take it all in all it is the most effective statue that I have seen, save only the one in the public square at Milan, where Fame, in colossal figure, is represented to have chiseled the single word "CAVOUR" on the base of his statue.

In Westminister Abbey there is also a statue of Lord Beaconsfield in marble. A foreigner visiting London and seeing these imposing monuments which a great nation has reared in honor of a departed subject, naturally asks who he was, and what he has done? And he learns, with surprise, that he was the son of a Jew of Italian descent, without a drop of Norman or Saxon blood in his veins; born to no rank, or wealth, or family; of a despised race; excluded by the laws of England from parliament and all participation in the government of the realm; who at the age of twelve went to the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and was there baptized into the Church of England on the 31st day of July, 1817, "as Benjamin, son of Isaac and Maria Disraeli;" and by this rite became entitled thereafter to all the privileges of a Christian subject.

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(Not until fifty-three years after the birth of Disraeli was a Jew ever seated in Parliament, and the first Hebrew ever admitted to the House was Baron Lionel De Rothschild, in 1858.)

He was never a member of any college, university or public school; for a short time he was in a private school, and after that for a while in a lawyer's office in London. In both places he suffered bitterly from the scorn with which "the Jew," as they called him, was treated. He soon dropped the law and turned his attention to literature, and before he was twenty wrote "Vivian Gray." "A childish tale," as he once told me it was, "which he had often tried to suppress, but could not."

It is evident that he used literature from the first as a stepping stone to political power; and in his earliest work he boldly predicted that he would in time be Prime Minister of England; and in the "Young Duke," written three years later, he clearly intimates that he shall one day give a specimen of his oratory in the House of Lords.

Insulted, as he was, by his schoolmates on account of his race, and feeling his own vast superiority over his tormentors, he might well have exclaimed, with the hero of his first book:

"Curse my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, and the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortunes!"

It is manifest from all his writings that he regarded the maker of history as far greater than the best writer of it; that he considered Julius Cæsar as greater than Homer, and Napoleon as superior to Shakespeare; and he several times makes his hero declare that "he worships the Lord of Hosts!"

When young, his Oriental imagination reveled in the contemplation of power and pomp and the splendors of imperial grandeur, and through that largely developed faculty he early foresaw himself the original of Tennyson's

> . . . Divinely gifted man.
> Whose life in low estate began,
> Who break his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star.
> Who makes by force his merit known,
> And lives to clutch the golden keys,
> To mold a mighty state's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of the throne.

In a general preface to his works, written so late as 1870, he

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says that "he recognized imagination in the government of nations as a quality not less important than reason."

This view, coming from a statesman then in his sixty-sixth year, will not be surprising to those who have studied the great writers upon the science of the mind, all of whom give the most exalted place to the imaginative faculty.

President Porter, in his work on the "Human Intellect," says:

"In the communication of scientific truth there can be no question that a large measure of imagination is of essential service. . . . Indeed, we may safely say that in the history of speculation and science not a man can be found who was distinguished for philosophic genius who did not possess an active and a glowing imagination, and whose imagination did not render essential service in the operations of thought."—And further,—"that its workings are more fitly compared to inspiration than those of any other endowment of the soul."

Tyndall, in his "Fragments of Science," treating upon the scientific use of the imagination says:

"We are gifted with the power of imagination, and by this power we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of the senses. . . Bounded and conditioned by co-operative Reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer. Newton's passage from a fallen apple to a fallen moon was at the outset, a leap of the imagination. . . In fact, without this power, our knowledge of nature would be a mere tabulation of co-existences and sequences. We should still believe in the succession of day and night, of summer and winter; but the soul of Force would be dislodged from our Universe; causal relations would disappear, and with them, that science which is now binding the parts of nature to an organic whole."

And Agassiz, in his geological treatise, says:

"Imagination, chastened by correct observation, is our best guide in the study of Nature. We are too apt to associate the exercise of this faculty with works of fiction, while it is in fact the keenest detective of truth."

And Carpenter, in his "Mental Physiology," says:

"It cannot be questioned by any one who carefully considers the subject under the light of adequate knowledge that the *creative imagination* is exercised in at least as high a degree in science as it is in art or in poetry. Even in the strictest sciences—*mathematics*—it can be easily shown that no really great advance, such as the invention of Fluctions by Newton and of the Differential Calculus by Libnitz, *can* be made without the exercise of imagination."

On this theory he made the Queen Empress of India. He wished to exalt the British throne in the imagination of her oriental subjects that they might be governed the more easily. It was the plan of a sagacious statesman, and not the scheme of a

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subservient courtier to flatter his sovereign and minister to the vanity of a woman.

After many humiliating defeats, Disraeli was finally elected to Parliament, and on the seventh of December, 1837, he made his first speech in the House, where, with insulting interruptions, derisive cheers and mocking laughter he was obliged to sit down.

Then it was, that in a defiant tone, he said: "I have several times begun many things and I have succeeded at last. Aye, sir, and though you will not hear me now, the time shall come when you will hear me."

I have been told by Lord Granville, who heard this maiden speech, that Disraeli's peculiar manner and foppery in dress did much to cause the derision with which he was greeted; but Disraeli's style of dress and manner was acquired in society when that prince of fops—George the Fourth—was king. Julius Cæsar was a dandy in his youth.

There is no doubt that his rare imagination early unfolded before him his great career so vividly, that he foresaw it as a decree of Fate. This appears in all his political novels, in his bearing under repeated defeats, and in a dinner-speech after his failure at Wycomb, where he said:

"I am not at all disheartened; I don't in any way feel like a beaten man. Perhaps it is because I am used to it. I can say, with the famous Italian General, who, being asked in his old age why he was always victorious, replied it was because he had always been beaten in youth."

Whether the strange forecast of Disraeli's life, as divined by his friend Bulwer—Lord Lytton—influenced his later career and helped to support him under every defeat is not known; but, harmonizing as it did with all his early imaginings, it might have done.

No one familiar with Bulwer's works, and especially with "Zanoni," can doubt that Bulwer was something of a believer in Occult Science. His son, Lord Lytton—the present Ambassador to France—in a biography of his father gives the following:

"Throughout the greater part of Disraeli's early career, his true character was very imperfectly perceived, and the real solidity of his intellect greatly underrated. My father's early recognition of his rare gifts was never for a moment obscured by the ridicule with which mediocre men, for many years, were accustomed to speak of the political pretensions of the future Premier, as if he were merely a spouting charlatan. But neither did his opinion of the quality and order of his friend's genius equal the public estimation of them at the close of that unique career which my father did not live to see.

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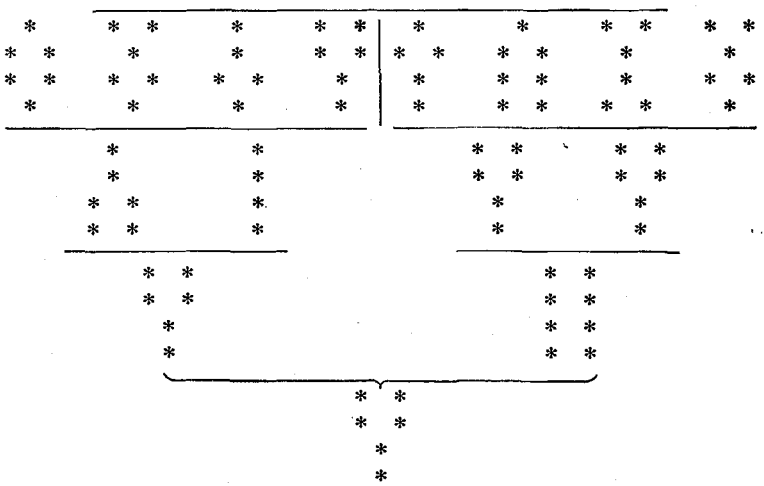
"What he did not see, however, he foresaw. His well-known interest in studies of an occult and mystical description, which will fill a chapter in the story of his later life, led him for many years to find amusement in the process of divination called 'Geomancy.' And at Wildbad, in 1860, he cast and interpreted the subjoined Geomantic Figure of the character and career of Benjamin Disraeli:

GEOMANTIC FIGURE.

B. DISRAELI.



Judex.

A singularly fortunate figure. A strongly marked influence towards the acquisition of coveted objects.

He would gain largely by marriage in the pecuniary sense, which makes a crisis in his life. He would have a peaceful hearth, to his own taste, and leaving him free for ambitious objects.

In honors, he has not only luck, but a felicity far beyond the most favorable prospects that could be reasonably anticipated from his past career, his present position, or his personal endowments.

He will leave a higher name than I should say his intellect quite warrants, or than would now be conjectured. He will certainly have *very high* honors. Whether official or in rank, high as compared with his birth or actual achievements.

He has a temperament that finds pleasure in what belongs to social life. He has not the reserve common to literary men.

He has considerable veneration, and will keep well with Church and State. Not merely from policy, but from sentiment and instinct.

His illnesses will be few and quick. But his last illness may be lingering. He is likely to live to old age—the close of his career much honored.

He will be, to the last, largely before the public. Much feared by his opponents, but greatly beloved, not only by those immediately about him, but by large numbers of persons to whom he is personally unknown. He will die, whether in or out of office, in an exceptionally high position, greatly lamented, and surrounded to the end by all the magnificent planetary influences of a propitious Jupiter.

No figure I have drawn more surprises me than this. It is so completely opposed to what I myself should have argued, not only from the rest of his career, but from my knowledge of the man.

He will bequeath a repute out of all proportion to the opinion now entertained of his intellect even by those who think most highly of it.

Greater honors far than he has yet acquired are in store for him. His enemies, though active, are not persevering. His official friends, though not ardent, will yet minister to his success.

E. L. B.

"Though specious in theory, nothing can be falser in fact than the common saying that all the world is wiser than any man in it, if by this it be meant that the voice

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of the multitude is nearer the truth than the judgment of a sage. The popular estimate of eminent men is, in the majority of cases, the extravagant offspring of hearsay, which gathers force by repetition. When once the cry is taken up, the cuckoo-note, as it passes from mouth to mouth, assumes a sort of collective magnitude. Exaggeration is its necessary aliment. In the hasty correction of an erroneous belief one extreme is succeeded by another, and perhaps we may rightly ascribe to this cause the fact that my father's opinion was in a mean between the earliest and the latest popular estimate of his friend's character; so that he, who asserted the genius of Disraeli when it was depreciated, was surprised at the glories revealed by his Geomantic Figure.

"But whatever may be the truth in this particular, the singularity is the same—that the geomantic conclusions were not suggested by my father's views, but in glaring opposition to them.

"The event, which verified his divination, contradicted his judgment."

I think, to say the least, it is in bad taste for an Englishman to speak of Lord Beaconsfield as a successful "charlatan." If that be true, then, surely, the British are a nation of snobs to have so honored him in his life, eulogized him at death, and reared such enduring monuments to his memory.

For many years he was one of the great leaders in the House of Commons—three times Chancellor of the Exchequer—twice Prime Minister of England, and then an Earl in the Peerage of Great Britian. Does staid old England bestow such trust, confidence and honors upon a "charlatan?"

It is believed—when he measured himself with Bismarck at Berlin in 1878—that the great German, who was apt to say what he thought, conceded that he had met his equal.

The treaty of Berlin was regarded by Lord Beaconsfield as the crowning glory of his life, and the ovation on his return has rarely been equaled. The Queen decorated him with the most ancient "Order of the Garter," which but few of her great nobles can wear.

Selden says of this order that "it exceeds in majesty, honor and fame all chivalrous orders in the world." The order was instituted by Edward III. in 1344, and was limited to twenty-five, the king himself making the twenty-sixth.

Lord Salisbury received the other vacant Garter at the same time, and in honor of the event Lady Salisbury gave a notable reception.

BEHOLD THE CONTRAST!

The despised Jew-boy, sitting disconsolate in the little schoolroom at Blackheath, and the PRIME MINISTER of England, LORD PRIVY SEAL, EARL BEACONSFIELD, of BEACONSFIELD, VISCOUNT HUGHENDEN, KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, CHIEF FIGURE

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at the "PEACE WITH HONOR" CONGRESS of Berlin, clad in the costly trappings of his Order, with the Star of rarest jewels—gift from an admiring friend—blazing upon his breast, and nobles of ancient line, with high dames of rank and pride and beauty, crowding to do him reverence, in the grand drawing-rooms of a CECIL, whose escutcheon dates back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The dreams of his youth were now realities; the one shadow was, that his noble wife, so true, so helpful, so cheering by her loving support in his direst trials, could not share with him the crowning hour.

No statesman has been so honored and beloved by his Sovereign, so applauded by the most aristocratic and exclusive nation in Europe.

Commenting upon this scene, the *Times*, I think it was, said: "He ought to have gone home and *died!*"

He did not die that night, but when Mr. Gladstone assailed the Treaty of Berlin, which Lord Beaconsfield cherished as the proudest achievement of his life, irritated by the fiery assault, he retorted in the bitterest sarcasm of which he was master:

"I was astonished to learn that the Convention of the 4th of June (1878) has been described as an insane convention. It is a strong epithet. I do not myself pretend to be as competent a judge of insanity as my Right Honorable opponent. I will not say to the Right Honorable gentleman, 'Naviget Anticyram,'* but I would put this issue to an English jury: Which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane convention, a body of English gentlemen, honored by the favor of their sovereign, and the confidence of their fellow subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence, and not altogether without success, or a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself."

Not long after, Lord Beaconsfield died; and his great rival, in lofty magnanimity, rising to the occasion, delivered one of the noblest eulogies upon Lord Beaconsfield ever pronounced over the grave of a patriot.

* This phrase was long ago applied to one reproached with being insane. Anticyra was the ancient name of an island in the Mediterranean producing hellebore, supposed to cure insanity. Hence the proverb, "Naviget Anticyram."

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True Americans should honor the memory of Lord Beaconsfield for the course he took in our perilous conflict. Differing from nearly every Englishman of the ruling class, he firmly resisted the efforts of Louis Napoleon to induce the British Government to join him in recognition of the Confederacy.

On the 18th of July, 1876, the writer, while Minister of the United States, met the Prime Minister—then Mr. Disraeli—at a garden-party given by the Prince of Wales at Chiswick. Speaking of our late war he said:

Mr. Lincoln's proclamation that the war was not for the emancipation of the slave, but only for the preservation of the Union, tended to weaken British sympathy for our success; but that our government had acted very honorably in the Trent affair, and he had never favored the recognition of the South—not from any especial sympathy with the North, but having given much attention to the subject, he was satisfied, for many obvious reasons, that the North must prevail in the end, and that it would be unwise for Her Majesty's Government, in any event, to make a powerful enemy to secure a feeble ally, and, therefore, he advised against any recognition of the Confederacy, which advice harmonized with the sentiments of the Queen. Like all the great statesmen of England he regarded "British interests" as the guide to British policy. His intellect was far reaching and cold, but gratitude was a strong trait in his character.

Towards his wife—whose fortune had relieved him from pecuniary embarrassments and left his mind free to pursue his ambitious career—he was as delicately attentive as a young lover, and when he might well have claimed the peerage for himself he declined it so that the queen might make Mrs. Disraeli "Countess of Beaconsfield" in her own right. She was many years his senior, and it is related that when an impertinent "swell" said to him, "Dizzy, how can you be so devoted to that old woman?"—"From a sentiment which you have never felt—GRATITUDE," was Disraeli's rebuke. Before he died he made his faithful secretary a peer of the realm.

In every domestic relation he was without reproach.

Inherent in his Hebrew blood was profound reverence for the Old Testament, and he disliked the new doctrines of creation and evolution, which he satirized in Tancred and in a speech at Oxford, which gave offense to some. In that speech he said:

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"The great question seems to be whether we are the descendants of an ape or an angel—I stand by the angel." In Tancred he writes:

"After making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, 'Do you know this?' And Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its titlepage, found it was 'The Revelations of Chaos,' a startling work just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.

"'No,' he replied; 'I have not seen it.'

"'I will lend it you if you like; it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style.'

"'It explains everything!" said Tancred; 'it must, indeed, be a very remarkable book!'

"'I think it will just suit you,' said Lady Constance. 'Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it.'

"'To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure,' said Tancred.

"'No longer so,' said Lady Constance. 'It is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor, the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese, churned into light, you must read it, 'tis charming."

"'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.

"'Perhaps not. You must read the "Revelations;" it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came, let me see, did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it.'

"'I do not believe I ever was a fish,' said Tancred.

"'Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved: by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins; we may have wings.'"

On the 22d of December, 1877, I had a conversation with Lord Beaconsfield about the Irish Question. I thought it so important that I made copious notes of it in my diary, by referring to which I am able to reproduce it substantially.

He said that the government of Ireland was likely to cause much trouble before long, and that the agitation of the question might be felt in America; that Ireland demanded a voice in the management of her local affairs, and a redress of many grievances which would have to be considered. I asked him if he had any plan for the better government of Ireland? He said: "No perfected plan, but a general idea that if he had to deal with the situation he should propose to place Ireland in a similar relation

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to the imperial government that New York holds towards the federal government—differing in many particulars, on account of the different conditions—but in the main, similar." He added, "The fear that many express, lest in that case Ireland would become independent, I consider groundless—your war has settled that; even several great states combined could not maintain a confederacy independent of the Union."

I remarked that I had lately read his statement "that imagination was quite as important in the government of nations as reason."

"Yes," he replied, "I dare say that many will criticise this view; people generally think that the office of the imagination is to make rhymes and write fairy tales. Great metaphysicians do not think so. Cromwell undertook to govern Ireland in the 'blood and iron' way, but failed."

I replied, but he brought peace, did he not?

He said: "Yes, the peace of death. The rule of Charles the First was better. The Irish are susceptible to kindness and full of sentiment—not logical—and inconsiderate of the means necessary to gain desired ends; but easily governed if dealt with in the right way."

"The great difficulty about the adoption of any plan for the home government of Ireland is that Ulster and the other Protestant portions of the island fear that if Ireland were made a state like New York her legislation would be oppressive to the Protestants."

I replied: "Do as we do in America. Divide Ireland into two states, as we divided Virginia; of Ulster and Leinster make one state, and of the remainder of the island make another. Each state being then absolutely independent of the other, and both subject to the Imperial power,—as in the United States,—no oppressive legislation of the kind feared would be possible."

He was more than courteous towards my suggestion, and said that perhaps he might live to give me credit for it.

I have often thought, since the Irish question has assumed such large proportions, that if Lord Beaconsfield had lived in the full possession of his eminent faculties for dealing with difficult situations, the Irish problem would have been solved.

No truer patriot-statesman has lived in England. His forecast in securing the Suez Canal as a means of protecting India.

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His plan to bring the Indian troops to Malta, and his scheme for enlarging the suffrage attest his zealous care for the interests of England, and when he, alone in 1878, had the courage, "*the perfect courage,*" to bring the Czar—intoxicated with recent victory—to a halt; to drag him reluctant to the Congress at Berlin, and force him to sheath his reeking sword, and to tear up the treaty of San Stephano* which Russia had extorted from the strangled Turk, and then acquired Cyprus as a base of future operations, he did more for the security and glory of England than any number of Crimean wars could have done.

Then his work was ended, and a nation—greater than Rome ever was—hastened to do him honor. And when he died—on the 19th of April, 1881—a cloud of deeper and more universal mourning never darkened a sorrowing Empire.

When his full history shall have been written; when the prejudices of race and of caste shall have died away, and all the difficulties and jealousies which impeded him in his early career shall be well understood; the *true life* of the great Minister will surpass in wonder the most romantic tale that fiction has told.

Then the fame of Lord Beaconsfield will be cloudless, and future generations will cite his example to show how "mountains can be removed and cast into the sea," by persistent courage and unfaltering faith.

EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

* This treaty virtually wiped Turkey from the map of Europe, and opened the way for the Russian army to march to the Bosporus.

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SHAKSPERE'S INFLUENCE ON THE DRAMA.

THE English drama is of native growth. In form, in spirit, in its passion, in its method, in its diction, in its draught of character, it owes nothing to the ancient or any antecedent Spanish or Italian source, to all of which the French drama owes its being. Begotten out of the mummeries, miracle plays, mysteries, and grotesque exhibitions, the Elizabethan stage sprung in fifty years into its grandest poetic state. It was Gothic and Romantic, resembling the Greek model as much as Westminster Abbey resembles the Parthenon. It was regarded with classic contempt by the scholars of that period, as a home-made, trivial, and vulgar matter. Marlowe, Jonson, Shakspere, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massenger, Webster, Ford, and a score of such spirit, formed in public opinion a group of brilliant Bohemians wasted on the playhouse. Shakspere was not distinguished amongst his fellows; his plays were not particularly valued. We cannot find that he was preferred at the Royal festivals held at court. His works seem to have enjoyed a fair share of popularity, but not so large as to make his name pre-eminent, or his retirement from the stage remarkable. The literary records of the period leave him alone. They had no suspicion that the greatest genius had lived and died amongst them, and during a century after his death the literary world was not sensible of his position in the Pantheon of great men. Addison, writing a hundred years after Shakspere, brackets him with Nat Lee, saying "in these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style," and "they are guilty of spurious sublimity." At the same time the courtly Pepys goes to witness a play by Mr. Shakspere, called "As You Like It," and finds it silly and stupid. Is it strange, therefore, that at this time Dryden undertook to reclaim the rich wilderness of Shakspere? and to show his landscape gardening he undertook to recompose the

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"Tempest." Here is a specimen of his improvements. The *Prospero* of Shakspere reproaches *Ariel* with ingratitude and forgetfulness of the tortures from whence his magic power had rescued the sprite. *Ariel* replies, "Pardon, master! I will be respondent to command and do my spiriting gently."

Prospero: Do so! and after two days I will discharge thee!
Ariel: Shall my noble master! what shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Nothing can be more delicate, more pathetic than the tender relations between the magician and his dainty *Ariel.* Now turn we to Dryden! here is how *his Prospero* bullies the sprite, in bombastical fustian:

Prospero: I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of Mount Hecla;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphurous flames,
And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke;
At every hiccough of the belching mountain
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down again!

And this grotesque rubbish was applauded at the time!

Further on in this improvement of the "Tempest" the two lovers deliver themselves in the following fashion:

'What is the soul?"
"A small blue thing, that runs about within us."
"Then I have seen it of a frosty morning run smoking out of my mouth."

Is it conceivable such nonsense could be presented by a poet of the calibre of Dryden, and that a public could be found to tolerate it?

I propose to submit that the literary world was blind to the merits of this poet, who owes his life to the tragedians that resolutely maintained him on the stage, where they beat into the brains of the people a sense of his divinity, and then, and not until then, the Scribes and Pharisees of Literature professed an adoration which they have since carried to a ridiculous excess.

I propose to show that no author of ancient or modern times has been treated with so much indignity by his idolators; he has been knocked on the head, mangled, gutted and stuffed, sometimes swept away and reconstructed; every playwright and actor has taken a hack at him! Cibber, Dryden, Garrick, Kemble, tore him to pieces and put him together again. And these remedies of his malformations, these amendments of his imperfections,

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are to this day accepted as the ritual of his divine service. When two of the Shaksperean devotees meet, like Cato's augurs, it is wonderful they do not laugh in each other's faces!

He had no consciousness of his own magnitude, and cared so little for his dramatic works that he left the manuscripts to drift about the stage, when they were probably lost in the Globe Theatre, when it was destroyed by fire in 1613. He seems to have attached more value to his poems, especially to "Venus and Adonis," which ran through four editions in as many years. The coeval writers refer especially to these works, but omit all mention of his plays. A few of these had been printed without his authority, some with and some without his name as author on the title page, showing how slight the esteem in which that name was held at the time. Theminge & Condell, who printed an edition of his works seven years after his death, call them "trifles," and say they "collected them," regretting the author had not corrected the press; but they assure the readers that the "stolen, surreptitious, maimed and deformed," copies theretofore "published by frauds and impostors," were to be repudiated. They add, curiously, that the manuscripts they had "received from him (seven years dead) had scarcely a blot in his papers." There has been recently discovered a copy of this one edition, revised and corrected in ink by some actor or stage manager of the period, showing hundreds of manifest blunders, and misprints and omissions, and proving that these publishers had not received from him his papers, as they claimed, but copies collected from the memories of actors, or compiled from parts. In their dedication and in their preface to readers, they ascribe no transcendent merit to Shakspere, but plead only that "he was a happy imitator of Nature, and a most gentle expressor of it," and they undertook to print the works "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive." The indifference extended by himself towards his dramatic works, which he seemed to regard as "pot boilers," is to my thinking the most noble feature in his being; he was unconscious of the greatness of his own genius! The surroundings of the theatre, at that time, were ignoble. The audience was largely ragamuffin! The dramatist was also an actor, holding shares in the theatre. These resources he augmented by filling the offices of costumer and property man, for Shakspere provided on hire the dresses and properties. Is it strange that a proud spirit and fastidious mind

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should regard these employments as a degradation? And when he felt able to cut loose from his servitude, is it strange that he was glad to bury all record of his connection with it, and leave as few traces as possible of his engagement in a business which all decent people held in undisguised contempt?

His hopes of finding a modest place among the poets of his days rested in his poems and sonnets. Whenever he is mentioned by his contemporaries they confine their praises to these works.

> **And Shakspere thou: whose honey flowing vein,**
> **Pleasing the world, thy praises doth contain;**
> **Whose "Venus" and whose "Lucrece," sweet and chaste,**
> **Thy name in Fame's immortal book hath placed.**

But not a word about his plays!

And so this great soul, whose fame was destined to fill the world, to the eclipse of ancient and modern poets, as the sun eclipses the stars, was being quietly buried and laid away. The robust phalanx of the Elizabethan heroes, led by Raleigh, Sidney, Spenser and Francis Bacon were incapable of divesting their minds of the ancient and classic forms of tragedy, and failed to recognize the new prophet of nature. If these failed, how could the shallow dilettante of Charles the Second, with their imported French prejudices, appreciate the rude grandeur of "Lear," or sound the depth of "Hamlet." They agreed with Voltaire in regarding him as an inspired savage.

It was the selfish emergency existing within the London Theatre that served to rescue one poet from the oblivion into which he was rapidly disappearing.

Shakspere wrote thirty-seven plays, or was largely concerned in them. Of these

Fourteen are Comedies.
Thirteen are Tragedies.
Ten are Histories.

Of this number eight have proved pillars of the stage: "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," the "Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and "Richard the Third."

These plays have been performed more frequently than any others—one hundred times for once any play in the second group has been represented.

The second group consists of ten plays: "Julius Cæsar,"

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"Coriolanus," "Henry the Eighth," "King John," "Twelfth Night," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Tempest." It is doubtful if these plays would have been retained on the stage but for the name of Shakspere, upheld by the popularity of the first group.

The third group is formed of nineteen plays. These are so rarely performed that we may regard them as shelved, viz., the three parts of "Henry VI.," two of "Henry IV.," "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," "Love's Labor Lost," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Henry the V.," "Richard II.," "Measure for Measure," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Cymbeline," and "Winter's Tale."

If we examine the first group, containing the plays on which the popularity of Shakespeare mainly depends, we shall find in each of them one great conspicuous character, around which the play is built; which affords the actor, or actress, an opportunity for personal display. (A kind of drama I have elsewhere distinguished as the "pedestal play.") The tragedian is ever on the search for such; and Betterton, Barry, Barton Booth, Robert Wilkes, Garrick, Kemble, Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, found no such great parts in any other dramatist, nor in the plays written in their own times could they discover such opportunities as these tragedies afforded. It was their necessities, therefore, that maintained these eight dramas in the foreground of the theatre. The public began to regard each play in the list as the touchstone for the actor. And by these prætorians, and not by the literary world, Shakspere was raised to a throne around which they stood as a body guard.

The occasional production of the second group was a concession to the curiosity of the public; not that these plays are less important, less well-conceived, than those in the first group;—on the contrary some of them contain his best writing;—but the tragedian had no use for them. It is pretty certain that had Shakspere written only the twenty-nine plays contained in the second and third groups he would have remained beside Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, Massinger and Otway, admired but neglected. By the way, Massinger wrote one play, "A New Way

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to Pay Old Debts," in which there happened to be one conspicuous character, *Sir Giles Overreach*, so that play has lived,—thanks to the tragedians.

There is at present, and there has been, a groveling adoration of this poet, which does him neither honor nor justice. Ben Jonson wrote of him: "I lov'd Shakspere, and do honor his memory, on this side of idolatry, as much as any," and so say I, heartily; but let us see in him the loftiest expression of the human mind, but nothing superhuman—that he is to be admired, yes! but to be worshiped as a god, no! The silly effusion of fanaticism is degrading to him and to us. The forms of his works are defective; so they have been altered and put into better shape. His diction is so teeming with the wealth of thought, that, like a torrent pouring out of the side of a mountain pour the entrails of speech—it tears rocks seamed with precious metals and jewels, jostling each other in the precious flood that flings them or buries them in its bed, like worthless things. So without art, but teeming with riches uncoined, Shakspere founded no school, had no following. He left nothing behind him but himself. Uncultured, unreclaimed, as the Yellowstone Park, we know no landscape gardening to educate his picturesque solitudes, no art conducted the waters with propriety into romantic, ready made brooks, or spread them into well-trimmed lakes; no careful hands cleaned up his paths; but all stood as God left it, with the impress of His hand alone, and therefore it is inscrutable. Such is the genius of Shakspere: Unfettered by education, self-stored by a power of observation which acquired knowledge would have stunted. I deny that he reveals any learning that such a receptive mind could not have obtained by attrition with his associates. His information is general and wide, never deep, excepting such depth as there is in his own soul. Wherever certain accomplishments are put forward, they were easily supplied by his collaborators, whose learning ran into him as rivers run into the ocean. None but an actor could have written his plays, and actors have been his apostles to carry faith in him and his works into the hearts of the people, when the high priests of literature denied him.

DION BOUCICAULT.

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WHY HARRISON WAS ELECTED!

THE State of New York has of late years been the battle-ground of political parties in the United States as certainly as Belgium was formerly regarded as "the cock-pit of Europe." The old campaign cry, "as goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union," has lost its significance. The Empire State has become the arbiter, and success there has been the determining factor in the last three Presidential elections. For a variety of reasons, few or none of them consonant with the best form of Republican government, the Democratic party has, since 1876, confidently counted upon the support of all those States wherein slavery was but recently tolerated by law. Of the one hundred and fifty-five electoral votes cast for General Hancock in 1880, one hundred and thirty-eight came from the sixteen States which compose "the solid South,"—New Jersey with nine, Nevada with three, and California with five of her six electoral votes contributing the remaining seventeen. Of the two hundred and nineteen votes cast by electors for Mr. Cleveland in 1884, the South gave one hundred and fifty-three. If the Democrats had carried New York in 1880 General Hancock (the first candidate since President Monroe to receive the vote of every Southern State) would have been elected. If the narrow margin of less than one vote in a thousand by which the Republicans were defeated in New York in 1884 had been reversed, Mr. Cleveland would not have been inaugurated.

Nor would Mr. Lincoln have been chosen in 1860 if the thirty-five votes of New York had been given to one of the opposing candidates. We are accustomed to regard the first election of General Grant, in 1868, as an overwhelming Republican victory, but General Grant carried eight Southern States. Alabama, Arkansas, and Florida, the two Carolinas, Tennessee, Missouri

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and West Virginia gave majorities in his favor. Governor Seymour received the votes of Delaware and Maryland, Kentucky, Georgia and Louisiana, while Virginia, Mississippi and Texas were not reconstructed, and did not therefore participate in the election. In the College of Electors General Grant received two hundred and fourteen votes, Governor Seymour eighty, but if the total Southern vote could have been cast in the latter's favor he would have defeated General Grant by seven electoral votes. The famous election of 1876 in which South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana contributed toward the slender majority of one electoral vote by which Mr. Hayes was elected President, after he had lost New York, is fresh in the remembrance of all.

In the elections of 1884 and of 1888, conducted under the census taken in 1880, the Electoral College is composed of four hundred and one members. In order to obtain the two hundred and one votes essential to an election, the Democratic party reckons with certainty upon the one hundred and fifty-three votes of the sixteen Southern States. The Republican party reckons with a certainty more honorably justifiable upon the support of eighteen Northern States, which cast one hundred and eighty-two votes. New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana, which muster sixty-six electoral votes, are the prizes to be fought for—the doubtful States to be contested. Provided that these lines can be maintained as they have been in both elections (unless figures not now attainable should show that the Republicans have this year carried West Virginia), it is evident that the State of New York is absolutely essential to Democratic success. By no warrantable calculation can the needed forty-eight electoral votes be obtained without her aid.

Of the remaining doubtful States New Jersey is ordinarily Democratic. In the election of 1860 her vote was divided between Lincoln and Douglas, four of her electors voting for the former, three for the latter candidate. In every subsequent Presidential election, save that of 1872, when Mr. Greeley was the Democratic nominee, the Republicans have lost the State. The defeat of General Harrison and the cause which he represents was, therefore, not unlooked for by either party in New Jersey. In the seven national elections preceding that of the current year, Connecticut and Indiana have given Republican majorities, save in 1876 and 1884, and New York, while going Republican in four

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out of the seven, sustained Seymour in 1868, Tilden in 1876 and Cleveland in 1884. As in 1880 and 1884, so in 1888, the Democratic managers foresaw that, with New Jersey carried to the Democratic column where the State naturally belongs, victory in New York, supplemented by triumph in either Indiana or Connecticut, meant victory in the Nation.

The Democratic party had, after the elections of 1887, every reason to hope that it could in the succeeding year carry every State in which it had been successful in 1884. Insidious enemies in the four doubtful States were hard at work to disintegrate the Republicans. The Prohibition party, which in 1884 threw 25,000 votes in New York, had in 1885 thrown more than 30,000; in 1886, over 36,000, and in 1887, about 42,000 votes. In New Jersey a Prohibition vote of but little more than 6,000 in the Presidential contest of 1884 had in the Gubernatorial election of 1886 increased more than threefold. In Connecticut a poll of 2,126 in 1884 had two years later risen to 4,699, while in Indiana the third party mustered more than 9,000 on the election day of 1886, as against 3,028 two years before. At the same, in every State except Indiana, the Republican vote had, since 1884, shrunk in a ratio far greater than the Democratic. The table showing the percentage of votes cast by the several parties at the election of 1884, and at subsequent elections up to 1888, clearly exhibits this, as it does the increase in the Prohibition vote, so justly alarming to the Republican party.

		Democrats.	Republicans	Prohibitionists.	Labor or Greenback Party.	Scattering.
New York...	1884.	48.27	48.15	2.07	1.45	0.06
	1885.	48.86	47.77	3.00	0.20	0.17
	1886.	48.29	47.48	3.75	0.28	0.20
	1887.	44.94	43.31	4.00	6.71	1.04
New Jersey.	1884.	48.98	47.32	2.36	1.34	
	1886.	47.45	44.00	8.55		
Connecticut.	1884.	49.32	48.12	1.54	1.02	
	1886.	47.72	46.18	3.80	2.30	
Indiana.....	1884.	49.49	48.18	0.61	1.72	
	1886.	48.21	48.89	1.93	0.97	

On the other hand, the Democratic party had no reason for serious uneasiness on account of the marked increase of the Labor vote in New York, which had suddenly risen from two thousand

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eight hundred in 1886 to seventy thousand in 1887, for while, owing to this cause, their own vote had shrunk three and one-third per cent., that of the Republicans had decreased four per cent., as compared with the preceding year, thus indicating that the Labor party drew rather more heavily from the Republicans than from the Democrats.

Third parties, such as are made up of Labor, Prohibition or Paper Money advocates, flourish where no deep and broad issue divides the two leading contestants for popular favor. Where a great principle, understood of all men, is at stake, where a clearly defined principle or measure is maintained on the one side and denied on the other, voters ordinarily join one of the great political divisions, as inclination or conviction may determine. The exception to this rule seems to be where one party courts self-destruction by shattering its own organization. Thus the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Greeley in 1872 was undoubtedly caused in large part by the deep disgust of thousands of Democrats, who abstained from voting rather than sustain one of their most ancient and bitter political enemies.

If this be a rule applicable to political action, it is evident that the Prohibition vote in the four doubtful States, drawn in a large measure from the Republicans, could only be expected to increase, or, indeed, to hold its own, upon the condition that no issue was presented of importance sufficient to induce a return of the wandering sheep to the Republican fold. The party in opposition could not frame an issue of that decisive character. It could be done only by the party in power. To do nothing, to "let well enough alone," to pursue the proverbial and often wise policy of masterly inactivity, is within the province of an administration.

True, it may be asserted that Mr. Cleveland's conduct of the National Government was open to the attack of the opposition at many points. His administration has been successful in few things, scarcely creditable in some things, commonplace in many things. Its foreign policy has not been firm, courteous, or dignified. The chief part played by the Secretary of the Navy has been in a quarrel which resulted in the ruin of one of the great ship-builders of the country by an official interpretation of a government contract so arbitrary and unfair that in a private transaction it would have seriously affected the character of the man

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who insisted upon it. The Secretary of the Interior and his Land Commissioner radically differed over matters of grave importance, while the Post-Office Department is justly blamed in many parts of the country for mal-administration and for seriously crippling the public service by hasty removals of competent officials to make room for political favorites, ignorant of their duties, and, in many instances, unfitted by temperament or education even to acquire a knowledge of them.

The Secretary of the Treasury, unable or unwilling to grapple with the problem of too large a revenue, has rendered himself unpopular with the masses by depositing the money of the government in banks selected capriciously or for political reasons—a course of action sententiously condemned by President Cleveland himself in his third annual message, when he said that "No condition ought to exist which would justify the grant of power to a single official, upon his judgment of its necessity, to withhold from or release to the business of the people, in an unusual manner, money held in the treasury, and thus affect, at his will, the financial situation of the country."

Dakota, with an area of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand square miles and a population of seven hundred thousand people, easily and naturally divisible, as its inhabitants request, into two states, the smallest of which is considerably larger than Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland combined, has up to the present time been denied division or admission by the Democratic House of Representatives, in a manner so arbitrary and so unjustifiable as to involuntarily recall the course of the same party with reference to the admission of Kansas.

The herald, who, on Mr. Cleveland's advent, stood "tiptoe on the misty mountain-top," joyously proclaiming the dawn of the bright day of civil service reform, has found himself a discredited "Wiggins," and that ideal title to office, whose muniments are personal fitness and work well done, has not been viewed as absolutely unimpeachable by the Democratic tribunals which passed upon it. It is even suspected that competitive examination is not a bulwark impregnable to the assaults of those who desire to bestow office as political reward, and the president of the civil service reform league, who annually comes to the shores of the deep sounding sea to applaud and to praise, has remained to apologize and to defend.

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Veterans of the war, relying upon lavish promises issued even in writing before election, as to pension legislation, have been grievously disappointed by failure to meet obligations at maturity. Of the one thousand and more pension bills of a private character submitted for executive approval to Presidents Hayes and Arthur not one was vetoed, while the interposition of a prerogative, stretched perhaps beyond its constitutional limit, killed four hundred and sixteen out of one thousand and eighty-four enactments of this character, passed by Congress during the first three and one-half years of President Cleveland's term.

Yet it may well be questioned whether attack at any or at all of these critical points would have produced great impression upon the mass of voters in doubtful States. The country at large cares little for foreign affairs, so long as we are not at war, and little for a navy or a Navy Department, so long as we are at peace. Discussion of financial affairs is ordinarily dreary and uninteresting to political gatherings, while the voters of the older States can, with that equanimity with which we endure the misfortunes of others, bear the disfranchisement of their brethren in Dakota. The vast majority of our citizens still view the honest and competent conduct of the business of the government with more concern than they do the exact method by which fit and competent persons shall be appointed to office, and are generously ready to forgive a party new to power for many errors and mistakes.

The one absorbing predominant issue which assured General Harrison's election was supplied by his opponent. From the standpoint of the politician the President's Message of December, 1887, is inexplicable; nor can the motive be more readily explained from the statesman's point of view. The President knew that he would be renominated and believed that he would be reelected. Silence on the tariff, an ordinary report "on the state of the Union," a recommendation that Congress should consider the question of the surplus revenue, would probably have secured him a second term. But a policy so safe and so peaceful was apparently not pleasing to the President, and he unwisely launched upon a crusade against Protection when it was morally certain that a Republican Senate would baffle, defeat, and humiliate him. The Press, as quickly as Congress, seized the advantage, and, before a week had gone by, the President found retreat impossible

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and was forced to maintain a position sharply defined by his antagonists, who immediately became the aggressors.

The composition of the Committee of Ways and Means, upon which the duty devolved of framing the bill in accordance with the recommendations of the President, was singularly unfortunate. Of the eight Democratic members, six represented districts in Southern States where manufacturing interests are so slight in importance that the annual wage-roll of the combined six is not one-third as large as that of a single large manufacturing establishment in the North. Neither employers nor employed could view with indifference the hasty manner in which modification of a protective tariff, upon which depended their fortunes and their daily earnings, was made by men fitted neither by association nor experience for the task. It was not until the first day of March, nearly three months after the President's message was received, that the minority was informed as to what had been done by the majority, and it was not until the second day of April that the bill was reported to the Committee of the Whole.

Before the passage of the Mills Bill in the House, on the twenty-first day of July, the National conventions of both parties assembled. The Democratic Convention unanimously nominated Mr. Cleveland and joined with him upon the ticket Judge Thurman. While the nomination of Mr. Cleveland was inevitable, the choice of Judge Thurman cannot be regarded as wise or prudent. It aroused no local pride which could give his party additional strength, for in a contest over a protective tariff and "free wool" Ohio is as surely Republican as Vermont. Nor was Judge Thurman able to aid his party in the canvass. The attempt which was made to carry a man not in robust health and of advanced years over long and fatiguing distances only resulted in breaking down the patient victim, and arousing public sympathy in lieu of public enthusiasm. Nor was the argument which Judge Thurman advanced in support of the chief issue of the campaign worthy of the high opinion which the public had formed of his power while he was a member of the Senate. Apparently he viewed the country as confronted, not with a condition, but with a theory, for the constant refrain of his public utterance was the long-since exploded dogma of the *doctrinaire* that a tariff is always a tax, enhancing by the amount of the duty the price of each article to the consumer.

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The Republican convention which met at Chicago was somewhat longer in reaching a conclusion, but its choice of candidates, made with the greatest harmony, was more fortunate. To select representative men from the two great doubtful States, New York and Indiana, was wise politically, and the men selected were wise. The public utterances of General Harrison, succeeding his nomination, commanded the hearty approval of his party and the respect and admiration of the entire country; while Mr. Morton's wide acquaintance and long and honorable career in business in New York brought strength and popularity to the ticket in that State. A weak and puerile attempt which was made to deride General Harrison as the descendant of illustrious men reacted upon its abettors. General Harrison's reputation at the bar, his meritorious service in the field, his admirable record in the Senate, served as an answer of triple strength, while his discreet bearing during the canvass, with his apt and eloquent speeches, added fresh renown to a name brilliantly interwoven for three generations with the history of the country.

In that effective organization of political forces, without which party success is impossible, the Republicans had undoubtedly the advantage. The roseate imagination of one of the Democratic managers has supplied our political slang with the suggestive epithet of "rainbow chaser," while the jovial propensity of their National Committee for converting sharp disaster into unlooked-for benefit, recalls the bulletin of the physician who, in oft repeated phrase, announced that the condition of his patient had all long exceeded his most sanguine expectations, tersely concluding, "he is dead." As against the Democratic "game of bluff," the Chairman of the Republican National Committee and his associates indulged in no counter-boasting, but quietly kept at their arduous task until they were able to announce, with the acquiescence of their opponents, that the Republican candidates had been elected. Perhaps no National Committee ever before did so much work, or did it so effectively as did that whose movements were directed by Senator Quay.

Still, with prestige of candidates and ability of management in their favor, the Republicans would have found almost insuperable difficulty in dislodging the administration from power but for the aid of the one great, clear, dominating issue of the Protective Tariff. Throughout the country that question was

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brought forward to the subordination, if not to the exclusion, of all others—protection not to capitalist or manufacturer, but protection to those who toil at wheel and spindle, at forge and furnace, at the anvil and the plough, protection to all those who depend on a good day's wages for a good day's work. Strive as they might Democratic orators could not convince their audiences that labor is not more generously remunerated here than in any other portion of the globe, nor that European competition in this country means aught but a reduction of the wages of our own artisans to the foreign standard. Explain as they might by percentages and by comparison Democratic newspapers could not allay the apprehension and anxiety with which the North views tariff modification and revenue legislation at the hands of those in the South, who firmly believe in free trade, though they may prudently disavow such a faith during a campaign.

The victory for protection was not won wholly and solely by Republican votes. Democratic unity in the House in support of the Mills Bill was not indicative of Democratic unity in the nation. Many life-long Democrats, sincerely attached, from conviction or interest, to the maintenance of protection, refrained from all participation in the campaign, while a not inconsiderable number foreswore old party associations and openly supported General Harrison. The personality of the candidate could not repair the breach. Popular support, regardless of the unpopularity of the platform, did not come to Mr. Cleveland's aid. "No man," says a brilliant Democratic editor who extravagantly eulogizes the President's position, "no man made the President's fight his fight." The future historian will be, as the observer of the present now is, greatly perplexed in endeavoring to find the impulse or reason which gave to the President the absolute sway that he has undoubtedly exercised over his party since his inauguration.

Nor did the factional quarrel into which the City of New York was divided defeat the President's re-election. In Brooklyn, where the party was united, the loss was far more serious; and the 105,000 votes given to General Harrison were no more, the Democratic majority in the city no less, than was conceded in advance by competent judges on either side. The insurmountable majority given to the Republican candidate north of the Harlem River made New York Republican, a result obtained by the over-mastering economic issue which reduced the Prohibition vote of 1887 at

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least ten thousand, and in equal measure increased the Republican vote.

Equally fortunate was the successful party in the national contest in its mottoes and maxims. That we intend to keep "our home markets for home producers," that "we prefer Uncle Sam to John Bull," are popular and pithy condensations of the conclusions of argument. The rather amusing blunder of the British Minister, who gravely furnished to an unknown correspondent a certificate of Mr. Cleveland's character as a true friend to England, exercised little if any influence upon the campaign. It but served as cumulative proof of the oft-asserted statement that the English people were greatly interested in the election, and desired Mr. Cleveland's success. Beyond this, it was the occasion for a singularly inconsistent course of action by the Secretary of State, who gravely urged upon the President the propriety of employing the judicial power of the Government, in order that the unknown correspondent might be dragged from his obscure retreat on the Pacific coast and visited with condign punishment for venturing to write to Her Majesty's representative without the permission of the Government of the United States, while at the same time he requested the instant dismissal of the minister who was unwise enough to reply.

The Democratic party was also unlucky in its choice of a distinctive campaign badge. The antiquated and peculiar handkerchief which its venerable candidate for Vice-President is accustomed to use was raised to the dignity of a national emblem. The Republican party, by an inspiration at once seized upon the flag of the country as the distinguishing mark of its adherents. Once lost, the Democratic party never could regain this advantage, and it is to be hoped that the Republican party will never relinquish it. It is a symbol well befitting a party which proudly boasts that its policy is distinctively American, and it undoubtedly carries with it a great prestige. That flag stimulates patriotism and arouses the enthusiasm alike of the older men who fought for the maintenance of all its stars, and of the younger men who give devout thanks that all its stars were maintained. Under its folds the Republican party of 1888 marched forward to a triumph which, if wisely used, will lead to still more important triumphs in the years to come.

WALKER BLAINE.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

THE EVOLUTION OF DISCOVERY.

WHILE sitting in Mr. Edison's library a few days ago I chanced to turn over one of his many scrap-books. Among the extracts from newspapers was an editorial, published some years ago in a journal devoted to the interests of the gas manufacturers, in which the editor informed the world that Mr. Edison had totally failed in his efforts to invent an electric lamp, and that his idea of incandescent electric lighting was a dream never to be realized. Mr. Edison's quiet humor in preserving the editorial is characteristic.

A few years ago some enthusiastic inventor said he had found a mine of wealth in every clay bank. Why not? Did not the school books tell us clay contained alumina in abundance? This hopeful person had dug it out and we were to see great things, bridges of cobweb section, steel-like strength and silvery beauty; iron was to be such a very base metal nobody would think of using it. We had the metal, but it cost two hundred dollars a pound. This enterprising person had made it cheap. The fairy-like "aluminium age" did not appear, and yet it is a curious fact that to-day the metal is practically cheap and is in daily use to make certain valuable alloys.

We have read that if 2.75 per cent. of manganese is added to steel that an utterly useless compound is produced. An alloy of only 4.9 per cent. is so brittle that it can be broken up with a hammer like so much glass. Now comes the announcement that, if the percentage of manganese is greatly increased, we have a series of new and very valuable alloys of remarkable qualities.

These things are confusing. Who are we to believe? If men of learning are so easily upset by little facts like the electric light, what are plain folks to think? Shall we cheerfully believe everything, or abide in the good old mediæval frame of mind that believes nothing at all?

As far as nature is concerned, we are bounded by the limitations of our senses. Light, heat, and sound we understand as well as we can understand them in the present condition of our senses. Electricity and magnetism have been quite as well apprehended, and the great advance in these fields is not so much the discovery of new laws as the utilization in new ways of old facts. In chemistry there has been discovery and invention and it is in chemical research we have had our greatest surprises and may look for the most hopeful future.

Invention and improvement there will be, and yet it may be questioned if the greatest progress in both invention and discovery may not eventually spring from improvements in our senses. It is fair to suppose our senses are improving, and that the time will come when we shall apprehend things to which we are now

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blind, deaf, and insensible. We only know what our senses tell us. What if we may some day see, hear, and feel far better than now? We cannot see the invisible ends of the spectrum. What might we learn if we could? We cannot hear below the sixteen-foot tone or above the treble of an insect. What might we not hear if we could hear more? May it not be from the improvement of our senses that the great discoveries and inventions of the far future are yet to come?

We are, therefore, safe in believing all things are possible, because there is no apparent limit to the evolution of our physical being. Meanwhile, we may accept new things in a spirit of expectant attention, ready to believe, glad to be convinced when any fact in nature is made useful, and yet hesitating to accept claims of new discoveries made by men whose senses are no better than our own. A thousand horse-power in a tea-cup is senseless, because beyond sense. Speech by wire is sensible, because within the range of sensation.

CHARLES BARNARD.

II.

DO WE WANT DIALECTS?

A CERTAIN English critic once remarked that this country was not *interesting*, implying by his speech a contrast with Great Britain and her castles, ruins, peasantry and dialects. He was in some ways an able man, so that we were willing to smile at his insular narrowness and listen for the grain of gold that might be found in his utterances; but we saw at once that when he spoke of dialects, he referred to the monotonous similarity of our speech, North, South, East and West.

However much alike the citizens of the several States may speak (and their similarity of speech is an evidence of education and a matter of pride to all good Americans), we have no lack of dialects in our literature. The Tennessee and Kentucky mountaineers have proved prolific of bad spelling and dialectic eccentricities in more than one novel, while the patois of the creoles and the dialect of the negroes have irritated thousands of readers and hundreds of type-setters. In literature, at least, we have a multitude of dialects.

Do we want dialects in this country? No! Emphatically NO! A dialect is a sign of ignorance, an unfailing evidence of the lack of education. We want none of it. We want the negro to speak as the Yankee, and the Yankee as the Westerner, and the Creole of New Orleans as the College Professor at Princeton.

There are some persons (it is hardly necessary to say they are the possessors of settled incomes) who find poverty picturesque and interesting, who find in a tumble-down house with battered sides and leaky roof an "interesting object" in the landscape. So also there are others who find a toil-burdened, unlettered peasantry an "interesting" part of the social life of a nation. But here, in these United States, are we not ready to sacrifice the picturesqueness of ignorance and poverty for the substantial if not "interesting" benefit of universal education and a common tongue? That so many volumes come from the press, decked out in the cheap finery of a gew-gaw dialect is much to be regretted. Ignorance should no more be idealized by the novelist than sin—the twin-sister of ignorance. Those who speak dialects should be held up by the teacher as objects of pity, not idealized into heroic proportions because of their dialectic failing. Every novel that appears in dialect debases literature as much as if it were written in the dialect of the gutter, or the vile speech of the slums. Pure speech is indicative of pure thought; and proper speech, of a well trained mind. We have great need, in America, at least, of pure thoughts and well-trained minds, and we have no use whatsoever for dialects, nor the ignorance of which a dialect is the offspring.

NORTON V. JOHNSON.

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III.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PIONEERS.

I HAVE a high regard for the critics, and it is but natural that I should have, for during more than twenty-five years they have uniformly treated me with decided courtesy. This being so, it is with great reluctance that I differ from any one of them, and especially from the distinguished gentleman who in a recent review of one of my volumes of Southwestern history says: "The soldiers who fought under Arnold and Gates at Saratoga, or under Washington at Yorktown, knew very well what was at stake, and were perfectly conscious that the fate of the country hinged upon their prowess. The sturdy backwoodsman, on the other hand" [who won the battle of King's Mountain], "builded better than they knew. They did not look an inch beyond the homely, though honorable, end of preventing Ferguson from pressing in his northward march up to and over the Alleghanies." And he adds that I seem to "imagine" that they did "look an inch" beyond their noses.

Now, the gentleman need not have been in any doubt of my conviction that the leaders of the Western pioneers did fully realize the consequences of their actions, for I distinctly state it as my opinion that John Sevier was convinced that, "Ferguson's army being destroyed, or even badly broken, the British general [Cornwallis] would be forced to fall back upon Charleston, and thus give the patriots time to rally and recover their lost country," and I clearly assert that these "leaders were far-seeing men" who "had higher aims than a mere escape from political tyranny." "They sought," I say, "to found in those Western forests great empire of freemen, and they knew that they were clearing the way for a civilization which should overspread the continent." Said Robertson, while yet the navigation of the Mississippi was controlled by Spain and all the vast region beyond that river was fast locked by her mediæval bigotry: "We are the Advance Guard of Civilization, and our way is across the Continent; and to Governor Caswell Sevier wrote, when the settlers were but a handful: "However inconsiderable the people of this country may appear at this day, reason must inform us that the time is not far distant when they will become as consequential in numbers, if not more so, than most of the Eastern States."

I might have added, had the connection so required, that the principal burden of Gov. Sevier's conversation in his old age as it was reported to me by the venerable Dr. Ramsey, who was on terms of close intimacy with him—was the coming greatness of the West, where, he predicted would be, within a hundred years from his time, the seat of the political power of this great nation. Among the discoveries of the Nineteenth Century will be the fact that Sevier was one of the greatest and most far seeing of the statesmen this country has yet produced. To prove that he was one of its greatest soldiers, it is merely necessary to state that he fought thirty-five battles, every one of which was a victory.

I have been led to think upon this subject by a letter I have recently received from the Hon. Randal M. Ewing, of Tennessee, in which, after giving me an interesting account of the discovery of some valuable letters of Hon. Joseph McMinn, who, in 1815, was one of Sevier's immediate successors as Governor of Tennessee, he goes on to say: "What did those old Trojans care for sickness, exposure, or even death, when acting in the line of their duty? It seems strange in reading the correspondence of those old worthies, to see what unbounded faith they had in the future of this country, at a time when they had scarcely blazed a path through its interminable forests; and when savage beasts and yet more savage men lay in wait for them at every fountain of the wilderness where they paused to quench their thirst. They seem to have conceived the idea that

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they were as visibly led and guarded by Providence as the Israelites of old."

This was John Sevier's feeling, as I note in my book, "John Sevier, the Commonwealth Builder," where I state that in reply to a gentleman who in his old age reminded him of his great services to the country and Western civilization, he said, "I am not entitled to the credit, sir; I have been merely an instrument—led, and guided, and guarded by the INFINITE GOODNESS." And much in the same spirit is a paragraph which Mr. Ewing quotes from one of Gov. McMinn's recently discovered letters. "No human power," says McMinn "can stop its [the country's] progress, though it may not be the will of the All-Wise Disposer to permit me to see it otherwise than he did the beloved father in relation to the land of promise; and to his will I hope I shall be able to give a Christian assent."

They were a remakable race of men, those Western pioneers, and more for the grandeur of their characters than for the wonder of their exploits, should their histories be better known by the American people.

EDMUND KIRKE.

IV.

CRADLEDOM AND CUPID.

MR. COOMAR ROY deserves and undoubtedly will receive the thanks of the Western barbarians in return for the expression of his lucid and logical exposition of certain of the social customs and characteristics of Eastern civilization.

As regards the chief subject matter of his letter—Child Marriage in India—the impartial reader, weighing well the facts given and arguments adduced, can cheerfully and easily arrive at conclusions quite reconcilable to, if not coincident with, our accepted ideas of virtue and religion.

That the ingrafting of the custom into our social system would mark a step towards the progressive will perhaps be questioned, but can scarcely be entirely controverted.

Where there are two children, of two families, a boy child and a girl child, educated to live and love each for the other, and from infancy taught to understand and revere the sweet and sacred relationship to which they are in a measure predestined, it would appear it is almost certain that the haphazard possibilities of our ordained order of marriage would in a material degree be lessened, if not, in many instances, entirely averted.

The existence of true love, as ordinarily understood by us, and with especial reference to our creed of courtship, is generally a mere delusion.

As a matter of certainty, one does not absolutely know when one is really loved or in love; and how often one—usually two—can be mistaken is evidenced by the sad experiences of the unhappily wedded, who, like the poor, are ever with us.

The fact that one has arrived at the age of discretion implies but does not prove the capacity to suitably choose a mate. Ere we become intractable, it would, therefore, be as well, on general principles, to have our parents or guardians assume the responsibilities.

In the event of misalliances, ill-assorted pairs could perhaps derive some consolation, in that in strict justice it could not be contended that the blame as to consequences rested entirely with them, the match being not of their making.

Probably, though, by many this suggestion will, with some degree of truth, be regarded as savoring of moral cowardice.

Without endeavoring to discuss the question exhaustively and in its varied in-

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tricacies and detail, it is submitted that the reflecting and contemplative mind can, by and through the operation of its own influences, readily admit, that under this blessed dispensation the necessity of "popping the question" and its attendant anxieties would be unknown, and it must appear equally obvious that in the new society there could be no place for that heartless and heart-breaking jade —the jilt!

Further, the universal adoption of the principle which forms the basis of the system of child marriage—the co-education in love of the child mates—and its proper, rigid and religious observance by our parents or guardians, would preclude the possibility of the existence of old maids or bachelors; wedding bells would chime unceasingly, all womankind would be glorified as wives or mothers, and babies—bless them—would be as numberless and "as numerous as the sands of the sea."

MAURICE GROS.

V.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ECCENTRICITIES.

OF the multitude of absurd and amusing errors made in the composition of articles for print, comparatively few are seen by the readers of the literature of the day. Some evade the vigilance of the proof-reader, and bring mirth or vexation, according to the mood of the reader or his relation to the production, but the number of these is small, and the more characteristic ones are seldom printed. The literal errors, the substitution of one word for another, sometimes to the utter confusion of the author's idea, usually meet an untimely end—or perhaps, more correctly, a timely one—and disappear. Many writers, whose copy is legible enough to themselves, no doubt, would be amazed if they could see the attempts that are sometimes made to put their productions in type. Peculiarities of penmanship are accented, and the result is grotesque. This work on the part of the printer, I am sure, often comes from the mechanical nature of his task. Small pieces of copy are given to him, incomplete and fragmentary, like a piece of a Chinese puzzle, and as it is impossible for him to get any meaning out of his little remnant he sets it up for what it looks like, and meantime thinks about other things. It is only when the pieces are joined and one tries to make out the pattern that the failures to fit are apparent.

Irregular shapes of letters in copy are prolific of literal errors, and one common form is the substitution of letters for figures, or the opposite. As an instance, not long since, in a report of the coal market, where it was intended to say that there was an over supply of egg size, it appeared that there was an over supply of 299; and similarly, where a writer described a house with zigzag staircases, he was made to give it the extraordinary number of 219,209 staircases.

But the misreading of words, and their use in the place of others of closely similar size, sound or appearance leads to the most absurd conjunctions. In a piece of verse for a labor paper some time ago I came across the following choice bit, which was decidedly anarchistic in tone, till it came under the reforming influence of the type:

> Or with flags of crimson *blue*,
> Forward! *triumph waits for you!*

Since the sanguinary intention of the writer was so evident, it is almost needless to say that the types were not allowed to carry out their peaceful intention, and the ruddy color was restored to the poem and the banners. The well-known Bible quotation "The cattle on a thousand hills are his" was once paraphrased "The rattle on a thousand bells was his."

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A pair of similar errors which came close together lately will suffice for examples of this style of composition. In an excellent technical report on the Forth railway bridge, a noted engineer was made to say that it is a bridge which no gale or *toronto* can upset, and in an editorial article on some sp orting topic we were told that we must go to the young head for *pie* (fire) and enthusiasm.

More singular than these errors, and characteristic of only one person in my experience, is the joining of parts of two words in manuscript, and making two new ones. This was in the work of a busy editor, and was probably due to the pressure under which he had to write. I recall one instance, where, in writing of the accidental derailing of a train, he said that it was derailed by the railing of the spreads, and another accident where a trainman was hurtly slight.

Countless numbers of such errors of print as these given are never seen outside of composing rooms, and those which meet the eye of the general reader are usually of a quite different character. This brief glimpse at these will show what dangers one has to face in writing for the press.

C. B. GILLETTE.

VI.

SOME QUEER BELIEFS.

"WHAT is Socialism?" I asked of a white-bearded man who has studied the question for forty years, and he smiled thoughtfully.

"Why not ask what civilization is?" he asked in turn. "The question is overgrown. I can give you a sort of sketch, suggestive of a reply, and you may understand it after a lifetime or so of study. I know a little about it, but nobody after the first five years of study ever pretends to explain it fully. Here is a skeleton thought which may guide you."

And he reached out for a piece of chalk and began writing on the table. We were in a beer saloon. People usually are when they discuss socialism. Then the old man wrote.

"That," said the old man, "is not a chronological table. You can make all sorts of criticisms on it. Probably no two socialists would agree with me touching the selection I have made of names, and a good many would quarrel with the arrangement. Yet, it has a value, as indicating in a general way the lines along which thoughts have been handed down from one school of thinkers to another. I am not trying to show the influence which the different schools have exercised on one another. A Cretan labyrinth would not show that, let alone my modest little tree. I am only explaining, very generally, the sources of socialistic ideas."

Then he talked for an hour, and when he paused, I said:

"I see. Socialism is everything in the way of thought about man's condition. It is a dream. It is formulated discontent. It is the combination of all effort for the improvement of mankind. It is like Theosophy—a something or a nothing which men put upon a pedestal and then either fall down and worship, or heave contumely at. It is any effort to remould the customs of society in order to rectify real or imagined evils. It is any attempt to overthrow any custom sufficiently important and deep-seated to be called an institution. It is any or all of these."

"You are wrong," said the old man, calmly. Whenever anybody says to a socialist anything intended to show that he understands what has been explained to him, the socialist always says: "You are wrong."

"There should be a limitation made," said this particular exponent. "If you give this wide significance to the word, you rob it of its particular meaning. Socialism means, of course, a study or a science of the conditions of men in society so far as those conditions relate directly to men's maintenance."

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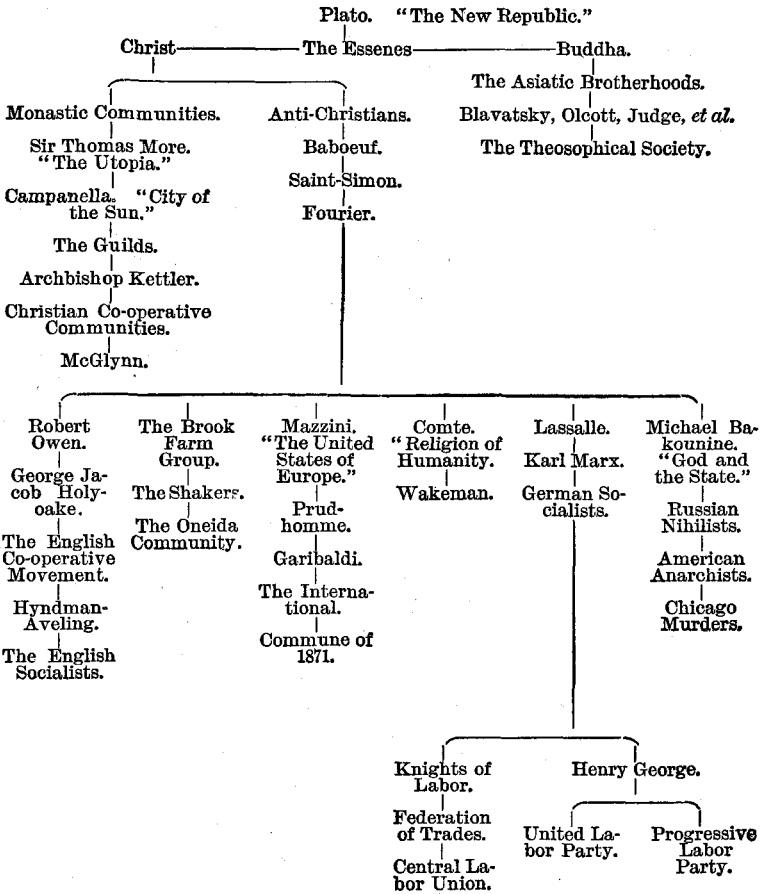

"He is wrong," said another thinker and writer on the subject. "Such a limitation of the word is what robs it of its full significance. It is as narrow a view in one way as was taken by Dr. Webster in his definition as published forty years ago. That was:

"'SOCIALISM, n. A social state in which there is a community of property among all the citizens; a new term for agrarianism. [See Communism.]'"

"Then is there any real live Socialism in America to-day?" I asked, "or is it as we used to think twenty years ago, the mere vapor that floated across the Atlantic from the seething caldrons of man's misery and strife in the badly governed nations of the old world?"

"There is certainly Socialism here," was the reply, "and it is particularly alive. He who would do away with the jury system of trial is a socialist. He who would abolish the wage-system and introduce co-operation is a socialist. He is a student and a would-be reformer of our social order, taking the word social in its largest meaning. The word means more than it did in Dr. Webster's day, be-

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cause the thing itself has grown. And there are not only socialists, but they have remarkably vigorous organizations, numbering tens of thousands, all working to establish new ideas and a new order of things. Moreover, these organizations are growing faster than outsiders realize, and, taking advantage of the experience of former errors, they are growing wiser year by year."

DAVID A. CURTIS.

VII.

LESTER WALLACK'S SUCCESSOR.

THAT there was something dramatically striking in the coincidence between the death of John Lester Wallack and the obliteration of the family name from the roll of New York theatres, has been noticed and abundantly commented upon during the past weeks. While, however, the trite phrase of "*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*," has been voiced in divers keys and with many variations, it seems to me that due account has not been taken of the influence the accession of A. M. Palmer to the management of that theatre—the building of which was the beginning of Lester Wallack's professional end—will have on the dramatic history of the country. That the influence Mr. Palmer will exert will be a more potent one than that of his predecessor cannot be doubted by any one who, like myself, has for any considerable number of years studied the past and present course of dramatic events in America, for much as we may have loved Wallack the man, it would be folly to shut our eyes to the limitations of Wallack the manager. He lacked the administrative ability of his father, the founder of the little dynasty, and when he came to the throne it could be fairly said of him, and more especially so during the last five years of his career, as Thiers said of Louis Philippe: "*Le Roi regne et ne gouverne pas.*" His nature was too kindly, his temperament too sweet for the exertion of strict discipline, and, if I may be allowed the expression, his sentiments were too inherently aristocratic and conservative to render him a successful caterer to an ever changing and fickle public. In order to appreciate the claims to distinction of Mr. Palmer, a rapid sketch of his career may be of service. When, nearly twenty years ago, something like chance placed him at the head of a new theatre almost next door to Wallack's old Thirteenth street house, his prior training, though not theatrical, had by no means illy prepared him for the position in which he found himself. His position of librarian in an important public library gave evidence of the thorough cultivation of his mind, while an apprenticeship in active city politics had taught him to read his fellow man as well and easily as an octavo volume. During his ten years' tenure of the Union Square Theatre Mr. Palmer did several important things. He gathered round him a company of actors who were essentially American in their methods, and who worked admirably together; he took pains, at that time rare in this country, to costume his pieces correctly, and give to them well-painted and effective scenery, and finally he offered to his audiences the pick of the productions of the French stage, at that time far more rich in works of genius than is the case to-day. In the height of his success he perceived that that success would not continue much longer unless he made a new and radical departure. Accordingly the Union Square was abandoned and Mr. Palmer wisely employed a year or two in travel and careful observation of the field in other countries before he ventured once more into active management. Then, when he took the Madison Square Theatre, he made no attempt to follow again the policy which governed him during his occupancy of the Union Square, neither did he follow the path beaten by the first managers of the little Twenty-fourth street house. He found that the standard French play no longer con-

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formed to the tastes or sentiments of the American public, as had been so curiously the case in the decade just ended. He drew for his material on English sources, and the result proved the wisdom of his choice. In place of "French Flats" he offered "The Private Secretary," and with "Jim the Penman" reduplicated the success of "The Two Orphans," while he remained faithful to his original principles in so far as a collectively well-trained and individually strong company and the expensive mounting and careful stage managing of his plays were concerned.

In a year from now, we shall know more certainly as to his plans and purposes with his new theatre, but it is fair to assume that he will soon raise it to the leading place among American theatres. The means he will adopt to this end can only be guessed at, but it is fair to assume from what he has hinted to me that he will offer a series of productions which will go beyond anything our stage has yet seen in all that appertains to stage management and stage setting, while the pieces so produced will be of the highest order of the drama. New York, as the umbilical city of America, has long needed an acknowledged home of the classical drama. Edwin Booth attempted to supply this but the times were not ripe. Lawrence Barrett has talked and planned to the same end. Is it not probable that it has remained for the manager of Palmer's Theater to carry it to a successful consummation? HORACE TOWNSEND.

VIII.

OUR POSTAL SERVICE.

NINETY-NINE out of every hundred citizens of the United States are under the impression that the postal service of our country is the finest in the world. In traveling through the United States I have heard such an assertion made by both "traveled" and "untraveled" Americans who seem positively grateful to the United States government—with its superabundant wealth—for giving them a mail service of any kind. But the residents of large cities have no conception of the irregularity of the postal service in outlying districts, supplied by what is known in the postal department as the "star route," nor of the utter incompetence of many of the postal servants. Two years ago I traveled with a special reporter from a leading Boston paper, who was commissioned to photograph a delinquent postmistress in the State of Vermont, and who, in the course of a few days, sent me some very graphic representations of the fair lady's back kitchen in which she kept the United States mail. Country postmasters stand perfectly aghast if you betray any sense of irritation at the delay of your regular mail or at the non-delivery of your New York daily. Not long ago I had the satisfaction of seeing a quantity of the United States mail for a certain township conveyed a distance of three miles in a soap box kindly brought over by the kindness of a private citizen. In the month of January last a local railway became bankrupt, and ceased to run, and it took fully three months before the mail service could be restored to the townships along the route, although they were but a few miles from the Boston & Albany Railway. The United States has very nearly sixty thousand post-offices with a postal route of more than three hundred and eighty thousand miles, and yet such is the organization of the department that if an extension of some three or four miles of postal route has to be made tenders for the same must be sent to Washington. The post-office inspector seems to be merely a kind of police detective, who must drop in upon the country postmaster at an unwary moment to see if he is not absconding with a registered letter or the cash box, but he appears to have nothing whatever to say to the arrangement of the mail service. But it is not merely in country places that I find the postal ser-

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vice inefficient, but there are very loud complaints regarding it in such large centres of population as Chicago and St. Louis. Cities of very considerable size are still without a local delivery, and the citizens thereof are perfectly satisfied, amidst the "terrific rush of our American life," to trudge four times a day for the receipt and dispatch of their business letters, and seem perfectly incredulous when they are told that in an old fashioned and somewhat effete country like Great Britain there is not a town or village which has not a local delivery.

But we must not compare the postal arrangements of the United States with that of Great Britain. There are manifestly greater difficulties in arranging for a prompt mail service in a country with an area of three millions of square miles than in a country of less than a hundred and thirty thousand, although the enormous surplus of our national revenue ought to relegate many difficulties, and do much to equalize the difference. But I compare the postal service of the United States with that of British India, and I do not hesitate to affirm that the mail service of that vast empire is infinitely better than that of the United States. The postal department of British India is very nearly self-supporting; and yet for the past fifteen years it has had what is practically a one cent postage on letters and a half cent postage on cards. Every town and village has a local delivery, and in all large cities and in military stations the post-office combines the three-fold duties of mail service, telegraph and savings bank. For ten years past the postal department of British India has instituted an admirable system of C. O. D. on parcel delivery, so that in country places, instead of having (as in America) to journey some miles to the nearest "express" office, where, according to the old slow coach system, your parcels may be detained "at your own risk" for days, you can have small packages not exceedin a certain size and weight delivered at your very door.

The postal department of British India, with its vast territory and enormous population of 300 millions, is well organized. Every controlling officer is a trained expert and not a mere political nominee. The Postmaster General of India is usually a covenanted officer of the India civil service, and resides with the supreme government. But each province or state (for in British India there is local state government) has its postmaster general. There provinces are divided into a number of inspectorships, and the public can forward to these inspectors any complaint on "postal service" with the assurance of its being promptly attended to. The railway mail service is operated the same as that of the United States, the distribution being made from large traveling post-offices, but in the "Star route" H. M.'s mail is conveyed in secure mail carts supplied by the department, although drawn by contract, and not as in the United States conveyed in a huckster's wagon, a donkey cart, or a hand-barrow. Post-offices are graded into different classes, and all postmasters receive a stated salary according to their grade. They are nominated by the Postmasters General of the State or Province, and practically by the administration in power, but the appointment is for life, subject to good behavior and departmental efficiency.

The present organization of the Postal Department in the United States precludes the possibility of its ever becoming a really efficient service, for even a Rowland Hill, an expert of experts in postal organization, would not be secure against the caprice of party administration. The cumbersome machinery of Washington should be broken up, and each State should have its postmaster general, while the whole postal administration of the United States should be controlled by the very best man that money and official position can secure. Surely, of all countries in the wide world, the United States of America has a right to the very best mail service. We are a commercial people. We do not boast of our

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standing army of 23,946 men, nor do we boast of our navy (when found), but we have a right to demand that a great commercial empire which posts some ninety millions of letters every year, and transmits fifty millions of telegrams, should have as good a postal service (if not better) as the Hindoo of Benares and the Moslem of Bombay.

THOMAS P. HUGHES

IX.

THE HOME IN FRANCE.

IT is doubtful if any form of criticism is less valuable and authoritative than criticism of a country not your own. One likes to read an intelligent observer's estimate of a foreign country, and hear what may be said of its manners and institutions; for all such writing is in its way piquant and appetizing. But, to be intelligent and valuable, it necessitates a broad background of study, and a perfect elimination of feelings and prejudices. But what critic equips himself by meeting such conditions? Almost all that has been written and which is notable in "country criticism" has been tinctured by superficiality and prejudice. Of course much truth is stated and many undeniable facts are produced along with clearly exhibited bias, but very few are the writers who treat a foreign country at all who do not in a maner caricature it. We see the glimmer of vraisemblance in what was said of America by Mrs. Trollope and by Dickens in his famous "Notes," and by Hawthorne concerning England in his book on "Our Old Home. But we see it just as we see certain truths in pictorial caricature. The difference is the artist's cartoon is a caricature by intuition, while the criticism of the foreign land in one in effect.

Books of this sort are in a measure lampoons, though their authors are pretending to be really serious and judicial. On the contrary, books like De Tocqueville's on our own country, and Emerson's upon England, are really successful criticisms, and are among the pure books of their kind which are so. They may not be without fault, but they are so accurate a perfection and show such careful study and intelligence that unlike the others referred to they will not suffer essentially from the footsteps of time. It was Matthew Arnold's imperfect data and strange prejudice which made his latest conclusions about us so grotesque, while at the same time you can trace back to some germs of truth every indictment that he uttered. While he implicitly held England up as having solved the human problem in a better way than America has solved, his various points which were offered to prove this were owing to his ill-managed perspective made to prove too much, for they are just as true of England as of us. It was an effort to measure the facts in the case by a reference to his American discomforts. All this may be very edifying as a contribution for one country's reading, or to point out a few spots on the sun, but it is worthless as a philosophy of the sun itself.

I have been led into these preliminary observations by a recent article in which Mr. Max O'Rell complains of an emphatically false indictment of France. Probably no idea has been more sedulously held by both American and English writers than that which maintains that the French are destitute of the idea of *home*, as it is known to the Anglo-Saxon race. How often have we heard from them that the French language has no word for *home*. This made the accusation seem plausible, but it never seemed, even with this evidence, quite credible. And even now Max O'Rell tells us that the alleged philological proof is false. "To feel the whole meaning of those sweet words, *Chez tois, chez nous*," he says, "one must know the language they form a part of. How many English or American people have an inkling of their value? Do they care to know that some hundred years back the French used to say *en chez* (from the Latin *in casa, at home*), then took to adding a pronoun, *en chez nous*, and that later on the peo-

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ple mistaking the word chez for a preposition because it was always followed by a pronoun, suppressed the *en*, so that now the French language has lost a noun for home but has kept a word, *chez*, which to this very day has all significance. It contains," he says, "the idea of snugness and happiness, though it may represent but a quarter of a house." He then goes on to show that the accusation that there is no home life in France is the "most glaring mistake" ever made. We might have known this, too, ourselves if we had only stopped to think of what is patent—and what he advances—that the French are neither great travelers nor emigrants. There is no place, in fact, so dear to them as home. We knew, too, all the while that English and American writers were inculcating the anti-home notion concerning France, that nowhere is the whole family kept together as it is in France. The small farm is divided and re-divided to give all the children a foothold with their parents, and this home is "so precious a dominion that the outsider is often jealously excluded from it." The few Frenchmen who emigrate only do so for temporary gain, and all who do so return to France if they can.

Max O'Rell intimates that the criticism which should have been made is that the French are so home-like and home-loving, that they are narrow in their mental horizon. They are too apt to think that France is either the whole world or that what there is outside of it is scarcely worth their serious attention. And how individually true this is.

I am not trying to give all the clever things which he says on this subject, but I must add that in his opinion, no foreigner except Mr. Hamerton has written anything about France that is "worth the paper it is written on." The most critics foreign to that land look at Paris and call it France, while Mr. Hamerton has spent years among all classes of French people and is probably one of the best critics of the kind in the world. I have seen nothing lately better calculated to call a halt to rapid and superficial criticism of another country than your own than this pungent and acutely written article of Max O'Rell's. It ought to make us all modest when we travel and to remember that no nation can be sincerely studied or effectually pictured by rapid glances from a car window and the massing of grotesque sporadic examples.

JOEL BENTON.

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BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTIQUARIANS will read with interest an exhaustive treatise lately issued by the American News Company, with the sanction of the American Geographical Society, on the "Origin of the Name America."* The author contends that this continent does not derive its name from Amerigo Vespucci, as is generally supposed, and he advances another theory backed by important testimony and arguments, which will well repay the attention of the curious and learned. The work has considerable historical merit and is well illustrated.

Dr. J. I. Mombert's "History of Charles the Great,"† or as he is usually styled Charlemagne, is the product of great research and learning and a vast collection of incidents connected with that wonderful monarch.

Mr. Edward Eggleston's "School History of the United States,"‡ makes a good text-book. It is free from the objection of high party coloring, and gives a fair and clear survey of facts from the period of the earliest discoveries to the present time. It is also adorned with almost numberless illustrations, including portraits and some colored lithographs.

The compilation of the proverbial utterances of all ages,‖ classified both subjectively and alphabetically is a task that only an intellectual worker of the greatest muscularity could have achieved, and Mr. Robert Christy is entitled to high commendation for his attempt. These two volumes have a very tempting look about them to people whose business it is to write or speak for the public ear. Almost every topic one can think of can here be pounced upon and under its full faced headline some wise and witty utterances can be found that throw light upon it, or that stimulate to thought activity along the desired line. The compiler has not always credited those proverbial utterances to their source, and there are some needless repetitions and an occasional error. It appears to us also that he might have drawn far more heavily than he has upon the Proverbs of Scripture, many of which are models of profundity and point. The work, however, is on the whole well done.

* "Origin of the Name America." American News Company.

† "A History of Charles the Great (Charlemagne)." By J. I. Mombert, D. D. D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "A History of the United States and Its People, for the Use of Schools." By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co.

‖ "Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of All Ages," Classified subjectively and arranged alphabetically. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Some of the most difficult questions of political and social economy would be solved if people understood how to exercise thrift and live within their incomes. Especially does this apply to small incomes. The author of "How She Did It "* has written a very readable book, likely to be of practical benefit to multitudes if they will only study it carefully. The preface states that the story is in no sense fiction, but an actual portrayal of the author's personal experiences, step by step. It is a brave story and bravely told.

"The Jewish Prayer Book,"† or Manual of Household Devotions, is the work of a Committee of the Jewish Ministers' Association, consisting of the Rev. Doctors G. Gottheil, F. de Sola Mendes, A. Kohut and Louis Stern. It is devotional and ethical rather than doctrinal, and will meet a want felt by pious Jews of all schools. In addition to a large number of prayers suitable to almost every personal and family condition, it contains many beautiful and timely meditations, practical suggestions and ethical readings. We have never seen any devotional work, not claiming direct inspiration, so truly comprehensive, either in Christian or Jewish literature. Christians as well as Jews will find much that will greatly edify and interest them. The Committee have rendered an important service, not only to their own people, but to all mankind, in the publication of this small but weighty volume, which will win its way to many hearts.

Professor Fisher, of Yale, has brought together into one compact pocket manual a group of "Christian Evidences,"‡ which serve the purpose of classification, and give a tolerably clear idea of the course of reasoning deemed satisfactory and conclusive in the theological schools of the present day. The task undertaken is limited by the title. The existence of God and His government of things are taken for granted. The point is really to prove the "substantial verity" of the gospel histories. Their inspiration, and the presence or absence of discrepancies, are questions the author leaves to other branches of theology. The subjects chiefly discussed are miracles, the divine character of Jesus as portrayed in the gospels, the resurrection, alleged errors of opinion among the apostles, difficulties on comparing the Old and New Testaments, proof from prophecy, the intrinsic excellence of Christianity and its rapid growth. To clergymen and laymen desirous of meeting infidel arguments this work will be suggestive. It is by no means exhaustive, nor does it bring forward any new arguments. Miracles rest on testimony. Revelation is miraculous. He who denies the possibility of a miracle will not credit any testimony. He who admits the possibility must sift the testimony or let others do it for him. The greatest miracles alleged in reference to Christ are his birth, his resurrection and his ascension. If Christ were not of supernatural birth then the *fabric* of Christianity falls; but this is a point on which the human testimony is necessarily meagre, and Professor Fisher does not touch upon it. The divinity of Christ may be *inferred* from his character, but can hardly be *proved* by it. Even miracles do not prove divinity, else were Moses, Elijah, and Peter divine. The fact is that the whole subject of the supernatural in religion is shrouded in mystery. It is entirely distinct from the moral and spiritual nature of Christianity or its rapid spread and growth. It is around the alleged supernatural in Christianity that the conflict of the future will thicken.

* "How She Did It, or Comfort on $150 a Year." By Mary Cruger. D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Jewish Home Prayer Book." A Manual of Household Devotion. Published by the Jewish Ministers' Association, New York.

‡"Manual of Christian Evidences." By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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The genuineness of the gospel histories, and the moral excellence of Christianity, with its power to elevate men, are conceded by many who yet doubt the dogma of the supernatural conception of the infant Christ, or his resurrection and ascension, as they doubt all so-called miracles, notwithstanding the weight of testimony or of authority, or of both, which have been produced in their behalf. The idea of this manual is excellent, although in some respects the author follows too closely in the track of the schools, and fails, we think, to meet or even to state some of the difficulties honest minds encounter.

Few thoughtful persons are entirely satisfied with any creed of Christian doctrine, however venerable or authoritative, and yet few people venture to assail or even to criticise the creed of their own church. Mr. Eaton in his moderately written and unassuming book* deals very respectfully with popular beliefs and established creeds, but he recognizes the fact that they are but imperfect expressions and forms of thought, struggling with the grandest problems that can occupy the minds of men. His purpose is to set forth the undisputed principles or some of them, which lie at the basis of all creeds, and he claims that these principles are not now evolved, as it were, for the first time, but have been recognized in all ages by the purest and most devout and enlightened minds. The subjects treated of are God, Man, Christ, The Creeds, The Bible, The Church, The Sacraments, The Liturgy, The Future Life. The tendency of the book may be gathered from what the author says as to the Augustinian and Alexandrian schools: "The Augustinian theology has hitherto colored most of the religious thought of this continent, but with the increase of independent thought and study the older, better and more truly orthodox form of theology of the Alexandrian Fathers is returning, and in intelligent and broadly thinking quarters is fast superseding the cruder form of religious belief that has prevailed." The popular conception of the God of the Hebrews was essentially different from the theism of the later prophets. The New England theology of fifty years ago is slowly fading into history. And yet the great thought of God abides, and must abide. "The highest proof of God's existence is the fact that we are able to think of him at all." The same breadth of view pervades the other chapters of this book, in which the reader will find statement rather than argument, but the statement is that of a candid and clear thinker, in line with advanced but distinctively Christian philosophy.

"The Realities of Heaven"† is the title given to a collection of eight lectures from what seems to us the Swedenborgian standpoint. The writer does not believe in a future material body. The future life is to be wholly spiritual so far as the soul of man is concerned. There are many wise and devout sayings in this little book, which may be read with interest and profit by all who feel drawn to these hidden and sublime mysteries.

The second volume of Mr. Stevens' book, entitled "Around the World on a Bicycle,"‡ has lately been issued by the Scribners, and will be eagerly opened by all who have had the first volume before them. As a narrative, this second vol-

* "The Heart of the Creeds; Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† "The Realities of Heaven." Eight Lectures. By Rev. T. F. Wright. W. H. Alden, Philadelphia.

‡ "Around the World on a Bicycle." Vol. 2. From Teheran to Yokohama. By Thomas Stevens. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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ume is perhaps hardly as interesting as the first—we cannot exactly say why, unless it be that the first volume was simply inimitable. Perhaps the author dwells longer on the more descriptive parts of his work and less on personal adventure. The book will, however, bear very attentive reading, and is exceedingly instructive in the light it throws upon the strange peoples and countries visited by our adventurous traveler. The feat of making the circuit of the globe after this solitary fashion, and on this peculiar steed, was a right brave one, and is not spoiled by egotism in the telling. One hardly knows which most to admire—the modesty of the historian or the pluck of the traveler. Mr. Stevens seems to have a physical constitution of the very best, and in point of ready tact and resource proves himself to be a prince among lovers of adventure. His coolness and nerve, no less than his patience and good temper, were often sorely tried, but were seldom, if ever, found wanting. The worst part of his experiences befell him in China, where he came very near being mobbed, and where he found very little indeed to awaken admiration or tempt him to loiter. Japan proved to be a perfect contrast to the Celestial Empire, and his journey through that interesting country was a pleasure excursion from beginning to end. Indeed, he almost doubts whether the Japs can be made happier or better by European civilization. "Happy people! happy country! Are the Japs acting wisely or are they acting foolishly in permitting European notions of life to creep in and revolutionize (their country)? Who can tell: Time alone will prove. They will get richer, more powerful, and more enterprising . . but wealth and power and the buzz and rattle of machinery and commerce do not always mean happiness."

All musical people and many others will welcome the publication of these letters of Mendelssohn to his friends, the Moscheles, which have already, we gather, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, but which, as they are now presented in substantial book form, are embellished by portraits and other pictures, and also by many fac-similes of musical scores and original compositions. The work has been done, together with the translations, by Felix Moscheles, son of the distinguished tutor of Mendelssohn. Particulars are also given of the closing scenes of the life of the great composer. The book will prove a rich addition to every musical library.*

Some very important principles are wisely and temperately discussed in Dr. Charles Elam's treatise,† under the modest title of "A Physician's Problems." The problems are, indeed, not only those of a physician, seeing that all humanity is concerned in their solution. What they are may be gathered from the headings of the various chapters: Natural Heritage, Degeneration in Man, Moral and Criminal Epidemics, Body and Mind, Illusions and Hallucinations, Somnambulism, Revery and Abstractions. The author is not always concise and clear, but the essays abound in good things of special interest to those who believe in the possibilities lying before the race of man under certain physical and moral conditions.

II.

BOOKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

AMONG the recent issues of "Appleton's International Scientific Series" we note some valuable books; indeed, there is scarcely one member of the series so

* "Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles." Translated and edited by Felix Moscheles. Illustrated. Ticknor & Company.

† "A Physician's Problems." By Charles Elam, M. D., M. R. C. P. Lee & Shepard.

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far which does not possess strong claims to attention, and is not calculated to be of great service to lovers of science. Sir John Lubbock is always profound and yet clear and interesting in his special department, and in this volume on "Animal Instincts"* he has gathered together an array of facts and observations of the greatest interest and significance. He infers that the sensations of other animals differ in many ways from those of mankind, their organs of sense being sometimes constructed on different principles and situated in very unexpected places. "There are animals which have eyes on their backs, ears in their legs, and sing through their sides." Very little is positively known, of course, though on some points, such as in the cases of the organs of hearing and sight, we have very full information as to their structure. Investigations, therefore, extending down to the very smallest minutiæ are important, and throw light upon many questions of far-reaching philosophy. On the ant, Sir John says that during many years of close observation, he has never on any occasion seen anything like a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community, while on the other hand, every community of ants is hostile to every other. "Some species, indeed, are more intolerant of strangers than others; but as regards most species of ants, it may be said that if an individual be taken from its own nest and introduced into another, even though belonging to the same species, it will be at once attacked and driven out." This shows conclusively that the ants of a community recognize one another. How do they do this? It has been suggested that each nest—and there are often half a million of ants in a nest—has a kind of signal or password. To test this, Sir John took a number of ants, half from one nest and half from another, and made them very drunk, so as to become insensible. He then marked them with spots of different colors, so as to distinguish the two lots, and put them on a table near where some ants belonging to the nest from which one-half of them had been taken, were feeding on some honey. The table was surrounded by a moat containing water, to prevent the ants from wandering away. The sober ants were rather puzzled; but after examining the intoxicated individuals, they picked up the strangers and threw them into the ditch, while they carried off their own friends into the nest, where, no doubt, they slept off the effects of the spirit. This experiment seeming to show that there was no signal or password, Sir John made another trial. He took a few ants from two different nests, A and B, and placed them together. At first they were rather shy, but after awhile fraternized. After living amicably for three months he put two of the ants which had been taken from nest A into nest B, where they were instantly attacked and driven out. The ants belonged all to the same species. This experiment was repeated under different circumstances, and the conclusion he comes to is that ants recognize each other by the sense of smell. "Not even six months of close companionship under precisely similar conditions will so far assimilate the odor as to lead to confusion." He says: "If the recognition *is* due in any degree to this cause, the odor is probably an hereditary characteristic. There are reasons for supposing that if ants are more or less soaked in water, they are no longer recognized by their friends, but are attacked. The book contains not only many interesting points, such as the foregoing, but an abundance of scientific data, the results of prolonged and patient study and experiment.

Sir J. William Dawson's work on the "Geological History of Plants"† has special interest and value as a comparatively new field of research. The author explains

* "On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals, with Special Reference to Insects." By Sir John Lubbock. D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Geological History of Plants." By Sir J. William Dawson. D. Appleton & Co

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his conception of the book. Born in a district rich in fossil plants he began as a boy to make collections, and this continued for nearly half a century. "Now in the evening of his days he thinks it right to endeavor to place before the world a summary of facts, and of his own matured conclusions,—feeling, however, that nothing can be final in this matter, and that he can only hope to sketch the present aspect of the subject, and to point the way to new developments." The object of this work is to give in a connected form a summary of the development of the vegetable kingdom in geologic time. There is an introductory chapter giving preliminary ideas of geological chronology and of the classification of plants, and the succeeding chapters range through the various eras, concluding with a statement of general laws of origin and migration of plants, and the relation of recent and fossil floras. We quote an interesting paragraph from the concluding pages: "What we have learned respecting this wonderful history has served strangely to change some of our preconceived ideas. We must now be prepared to admit that an Eden can be planted even in Spitzbergen, that there are possibilities in this old earth of ours which its present condition does not reveal to us; that the present state of the world is by no means the best possible in relation to climate and vegetation, that there have been and might be again conditions which would convert the ice-clad arctic regions into blooming paradises, and which at the same time would moderate the fervent heat of the topics. We are accustomed to say that nothing is impossible with God; but how little have we known of the gigantic possibilities which lie hidden under some of the most common of His natural laws."

Mr. Henslow is an English botanist of distinction, and presents us in his treatise* with some original discoveries and theories connected with the morphology of plants and flowers. After giving in a short preface a survey of the opinions and discoveries on the subject, he states that his object here is to endeavor to refer every part of the structures of flowers to some one or more definite causes arising from the environment taken in its widest sense. In short, he deals with the "why" and the "wherefore" of the differences and peculiarities of form in the floral world. The work contains a vast amount of information, and botanists everywhere will regard it as an important contribution to the literature of the science. The author believes that the entire floral world has come into being as the result of the responsive action of the protoplasm through the "irritations set up by the weights, pressures, thrusts, tensions, etc., of the insect visitors." How he deals with this subject, and conducts the reader through the processes of his reasoning, we have not space to dwell upon. He very modestly, however, offers his reasonings and conclusions as suggestive only.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co.

Orthodox. A Tale. Dorothea Gerard.
Hints About Men's Dress. By a New York Clubman.
How She Did It; or Comfort on $150 a Year. Mary Cruger.
On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals. With special reference to Insects. Sir John Lubbock, Bart.
The Secret of Fontaine-La-Croix. Margaret Field.

*"The Origin of Floral Structures, through Insect and Other Agencies." By the Rev. George Henslow. D. Appleton & Co.

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The Baker & Taylor Co.

Co-operation in Christian Work. Bishop Harris and Rev. Drs. Storrs, Gladden, Strong, Russell, etc., etc.

Under French Skies; or Sunny Fields and Shady Woods. Mme. de Gasparin.

The Working Church. Charles F. Thwing, D. D.

Keystones of Faith; or, What and Why We Believe. Wolcott Calkins, D. D.

A. Lovell & Co.

Clement's Civil Government. Studies of the Federal Constitution. Arranged for use in public schools. R. E. Clement.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, and Other Stories. Walter Besant and James Rice.

A Gallant Fight. Marion Harland.

American Weather. A Popular Exposition of the Phenomena of the Weather. Illustrated. Gen. A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A.

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History of Tennessee. The Making of a State. James Phelan.

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Fighting Phil. Life of Gen. P. H. Sheridan. Rev. P. C. Headley.

A Physician's Problems. Charles Elam, M.D., M.R.C.P.

Dream Thorp. A Book of essays written in the country.

The Lover, and Selected Papers from "The Englishman," "Town Talk," "The Reader," "The Spinster." Richard Steele.

Ticknor & Co.

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles. Illustrated.

A Short History of the War of Secession, 1861–1865. Rossiter Johnson.

A Man Story. E. W. Howe.

"Marching Through Georgia." Written and composed by Henry C. Work. Illustrated.

Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of all Ages, classified subjectively and arranged alphabetically. 2 vols. Compiled by Robert Christy.

The Story of Mediæval France, from the Reign of Hugues Capet to the beginning of the 18th century. Gustave Masson.

Glimpses of the Future: Suggestions as to the Drift of Things. David Goodman Croly.

True or False Finance. The issue of 1888. By a Taxpayer.

Omitted Chapters of History. Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph, Governor of Virginia, etc., etc. Moncure D. Conway.

A History of Greece. Evelyn Abbott, M.A., L.L.D. From the Earliest Times to the Roman Revolt.

British Letters. Illustrative of Character and Social Life. Edited by Edward T. Mason. 3 vols. 16mo.

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